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Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. JULY 28, 1892. NO. 29

Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-FARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

WILLIAM WOOD, (of Philadelphia.)
B. F. JONES, (of Allegheny.)
J. FRANCIS DUNLAP, (of Lancaster.)
WILLIAM H. SAWYER, (of Delaware)

THE New York *Sun* and Tammany continue to whoop it up for Stevenson, but apparently don't know that Cleveland was nominated.

"I used to think I was a good Democrat" is a statement one hears almost daily, "but this Free-Trade platform is too much for me." For one hundred years the American people have been in favor of Protection, nor will they change in this year 1892.

The article on "Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition" in the August Century will describe the Electricity and the Mining Buildings. The author of the article, Mr. Henry Van Brunt, is one of the architects of the former building.

J. M. Barber of Texas has been elected to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Roger Q. Mills to the Senate. Mr Barber is a member of the Farmers' Alliance and had the indorsement of the Republican party. He was elected by a majority of about 400 over his Democratic Free-Trade opponent.

In 1854, during the revenue Tariff of 1846, there was a soup house in every ward of New York City; thousands of laborers parade the streets in search of work; the number of paupers was greater than it ever was before or has been since. And this is the kind of a Tariff that the Democratic party pronounces for to-day.

The respect and admiration felt for Cleveland by the people of Great Britain increases daily. Says the London *Graphic:* Englishmen will watch Cleveland's campaign with cordial sympathy, for not only is the Tariff policy in accord with the orthodox economic school of England, but his party platform wisely condemned the arrogant and irritating foreign policy of its opponents." The ex-President's cup of happiness must be running over.

This is the way in which Senator Hill is reported to have spoken of the Democratic platform: "The Free-Trade plank in the Democratic platform will turn every factory and workshop in the land into a Republican campaign headquarters." Right you are, Senator Hill, and it will turn the working masses of this country into a great Republican army that will assure an unparalleled triumph for Protection's candidates in the Presidential election.

"Now for a Free-Trade campaign," says the New York *Standard*, official organ of Henry George and the single taxers. With Harrison and Reid as the candidates for Protection, and Cleveland and Stevenson as the candidates opposed to it, this is to be a Free-Trade campaign." Untrustworthy indeed are the lessons of history if this campaign will not result in the same way as every other campaign has resulted in which Free-Trade has been the issue. In an honest manly contest Protection has never yet been defeated.

Here is what the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers said in their memorial to Congress protesting against the passage of the Mills bill: "Some will argue that our employers will reduce our wages anyway, even though the Tarifi remains as it is, We ask you to leave that to us, and we will endeavor to take care of ourselves. As is customary in all branches of business, we have our little family quarrels, but we dislike outsiders to interfere in the settlement thereof. We ask a respectful hearing, to the end that we may be allowed through the medium of Protection against foreign competition to maintain decent living wages Why doesn't the New York *Times* quote these sentiments in one of its editorials on ironworkers' wages?

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON JULY 25 '92.

The Southern democrats in the House, aided by Holman and others of his class, have undertaken a contract entirely to great for their strength and staying qualities in attempting to prevent the appropriating for the World's Fair. The republican Senators will keep Congress in session all summer, if necessary to compel these democrats to agree to this appropriation, which only carries out the pledged faith of the Government to the Columbia Exposition and the nations of the world, which have accepted the official invitation of the United States Government to take part therein. The democrats of the House succeeded in temporarily defeating the appropriation last week and they are now threatening that when the matter again comes up this week, they will fillibuster against a motion to recede from the position now occupied by the House and agree to the appropriation, if they find themselves unable to control the House by a direct vote. If they do, so much the worse for the democratic party, and so much more humiliating will be their defeat, which is bound to come, for the very simple reason that the republican party has never repudiated an obligation honestly incurred and its representatives now in the Senate will not allow this aid to be withheld from the exposition.

Representatives Oates, of Alabama, who is chairman of the sub-committee which rushed off to Homestead in such precipitate haste in search of evidence to break down the popularity of the McKinley Tariff law, and who was so profoundly disappointed at the evidence taken there by the committee, was accused by John Devlin, a member of the Executive committee of the Knights of Labor, of having shown extraordinary favors to the Pinkertons when they were before the committee, in allowing them to read all of the questions submitted, by the K of L committee before answering any of them. Oates told Devlin to go to h-ll, called him a d—liar, and had him hustled off the floor of the House, where the accusation was made.

Canada knows by this time that when the President threatened to retaliate for the unjust discrimination against American vessels using Canadian water ways, he was not making a "bluff", but was giving a friendly warning Congress has, practically without opposition in either House or Senate, passed the bill authorizing the President to retaliate upon Canadian vessels by levying toll or by shutting them out of St. May's Falls Canal, as he may deem best. The new law is a harsh one, or it may be made such in its bearings upon Canadian interests; but it is still in the power of Canada to take such action as will prevent the President exercising the authority just conferred upon him.

The democrats are already trying to "hedge" on the free trade plank of their platform. This was made manifest to all by the selection of William F. Harrity, of of Pennsylvania, to be chairman of their National committee. Harrity was prominent among the supporters of the late Sam Randall, the man who kept the Democratic party off the free trade rocks for so many years. Republican managers smile at this acknowledgement of weakness, and will see that the free traders are not allowed to sneak out of the issue they deliberately made.

No measure ever before Congress has been the subject of more radical and at the same time perfectly honest differences of opinion than the anti-option bill which has passed the House and now has the right-of-way in the Senate as the "unfinished business". Those who favor it, and they are unquestionably a majority of the Senate, are emphatical in the statements that it will not injure any legitimate business, its only aim being to put a stop to the fluctuation in prices caused by gambling in "futures". Those who opposed it are just as emphatic in their statements that it will cripple the business of the country and injure irreparably the very class it is intended to benefit—the producers. It is difficult to predict to a certainty whether it will be voted upon at this session, as its oppenents threatening to resort to obstructive tactics to prevent a vote, and as soon as the World's Fair appropriation is made adjournment will almost certainly follow. If a vote is reached the anti-option bill will, in my opinion, be passed.

A LITERARY FIND.

Mr. Bok has succeeded in unearthing a quantity of unpublished material by Henry Ward Beecher, which will shortly be published as a series of articles in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The material is especially valuable since it deals with a range of topics both varied and timely, and will advance, for the first time in print, the great preacher's view on a number of such interesting questions as marriage, home government, woman in public and private life, politics, etc., etc. Mr. Bok has secured the co-operation of Mrs. Beecher's private reporter, in the editing of the material.

REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The Democratic press is circulating a statement showing that during Mr. Cleveland's administration, from 1885 to 1889 the public debt was reduced more than it had been during the sixteen previous years, and further asserting that no Republican administration had ever made such a showing as Cleveland in the reduction of the public debt. In order to brand this as the usual Democratic falsehood—

The following official statement is from the Treasury Department;

A Statement Showing the Purchases and Redemptions of United States Bonds from March 1, 1885, to March 1, 1889, and from the Latter Date to July 1, 1892.

The average annual reduction of principal in the former period was $84,500,000 and in the latter $68,750,000. The ratio of reduction, however, is in favor of the latter period, being 89 per cent. annually as compared with 71.5 per cent. from 1885 to 1889. The greatest reduction of the principal of the interest bearing debt during any one administration occured in the term 1881 to 1885, when $478,785,950 United States bonds were redeemed or called for redemption.

FROM MARCH 1, 1885 TO MARCH 1, 1889.	
Principal	$338,074,850,00
Cost	361,264,642,05
Cost at maturity	394,097,180.43
Saving	32,832,538.38
	1,126,269,210.86
SINCE MARCH 1, 1889, TO JULY 1, 1892.	
Principal	$259 093,650.00
Cost	236,316,931.20
Cost at maturity	351,669,424.71
Saving	55,352,493.51
	962,432,499.42
REDUCTION IN ANNUAL INTEREST-CHARGE OF U. S. BONDS SINCE MARCH 1, 1889.	
Amt. of interest Mar. 1, '89	$34,578,459.80
Amt. of interest July 1, '82	22,893,883.20
Decrease	11,684,576.60

CHARLES FOSTER,
Secretary.

DEMOCRATIC ABSENTEEISM.

In view of the fact that Representative Bailey, of Texas, has requested Sergeant at-Arms Yonder to deduct one day's pay from his salary because on that day he was absent from the session of the House making a Democratic speech in Virginia I desire to say that if all the rest of the economy howlers of this nickel Congress would follow his example there would be a saving to the tax payers of something like $8,000. It is an actual fact that up to the present time there have been granted 646 leaves of absence to members of Congress, aggregating a total of 4,539 days exclusive of indefinite leaves, of which there were granted 172. If these indefinite leaves average ten days each, which is a low average, we have the appalling total of 6,259 days leave of absence. As a member's daily pay is $13 33⅓ it is easy to see what a saving it would be to the overburdened taxpayer if the money was refunded. It is unnecessary to say that most of the leaves of absence granted are on account of IMPORTANT BUSINESS!

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

STATE COLLEGE, Pa., July 19, 1892.

At a regular meeting of Washington Camp, No. 613, Pa., P. O. S. of A., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS. It has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from the land of the living Annie Holmes, the wife of our beloved brother E. R. Holmes, and whereas the deceased during our brief acquaintance with her proved herself to be a true friend to our order, thereby winning our love and esteem. While we deeply mourn her loss, yet we meekly submit to the will of the Divine One who doeth all things well. Therefore be to Resolved.

1st. That in the death of Annie Holmes, Washington Camp, No. 613, has lost a true friend and the community a faithful honest Christain.

2nd. That to her sorrowing husband, parents, brothers and sisters, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and point them to Him who can heal their broken hearts and wipe away their tears.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes, a copy handed to our brother, one sent to the parents of each and as a further respect a copy published in a county paper and the Camp News.

Committee { W. S. GLENN, JNO. L. HOLMES, GEO. JACKSON.

—Don't forget the ball game to-morrow between Houtzdale and Bellefonte.

WHO IS THE FRIEND OF THE FARMER--MCKINLEY OR MILLS?

The Coming Campaign is to be a campaign devoted largely to a discussion of the American farmer. Both parties have declared themselves the friends of our agricultural producers, both have stated it as their belief that their particular policy will benefit the farming population But how different the record of the two? The party of Protection, true to its professions, comes forward with the record of the home market widened by the establishment of new industries, as well as by the restriction of competing agricultural imports, while the party of Free-Trade has not been able to go a single step further in lightening what is called the "burdens" that rest upon the farmer, than by abolishing the duty on wool, one of the most important articles which he produces. There are other ways, too of testing the sincerity of the professions of love for the farmer so profusely made by both political parties, one of which is to compare the answer which was given to the demands of agricultural societies and organizations by the farmers of the McKinley Trriff law with that given to those demands by the author of the Mills bill. Among the hearings before the Ways and means Committee, preparatory to the construction of the McKinley bill, we find the following memorial from a farmer's club in New York State:

We, your memorialists, citizens of the United States engaged in farming, in view of the profitable readjustment of the present Tariff at the present session of Congress, do most earnestly and respectfully call your attention to the following facts and figures.

The memorial then goes on to ask for an increase of duty on potatoes, onions, vegetables, turnips, hay, beans, cabbages, and various other agricultural products, stating the reasons why such increase is necessary, and closing thus:

The year 1889 has been a hard one to the Long Island farmer; hay and grain damaged, potatoes one third crop, cauliflour crop a failure. cabbage no sale, turnips no sale, and so on through the list, and yet the New York markets are full of foreign product

Gentlemen it is a small boom we ask. Grant it; give us the same need of Protection you willingly grant the manufacturer—put agriculture on the same footing.

How did Protectionists reply to this appeal, and how does their treatment of the farmer compare with that given to him by the reformers?" To answer this we have a table giving the comparative rates of duty imposed on various agricultural products by the McKinley and Mills Tariff bills.

Article.	McKinley Rate.	Mills Rate.
Hogs	$1.50 each.	20 per cent.
Sheep	1.50 each.	20 per cent.
Barley	30 c. per bushel.	10 per cent.
Hay	$4 per ton.	$2 per ton.
Oats	15 c. per bushel.	10 c. per bushl.
Eggs	5 c. per dozen.	Free.
Hops	15 c. per pound.	8 c per pound.
Buckwheat	15 c. per bushel.	10. per cent.
Macaroni	2 c per pound.	Free.
Beans	40c per bushel.	Free.
Cabdiages	3 c. each.	Free.
Onions	40 c. per bushel.	10 per cent.
Potatoes	25 c. per bushel.	15 c. per bushl
Vegetables	45 per cent.	30 per lent.
Straw	30 per cent.	Free.
Apples	25 c. per bushel.	Free.
Bacon and hams	2 c. per pound.	Free.
Beef, mutton and pork.	2 c. per pd.	Free.

From this table we can readily understand the comparative treatment accorded to the farmer by the two parties. Where the Mills bill allowed competing agricultural products to come in absolutely free, or at a very low rate of duty, the McKinley Tariff law giving ample protection, in most cases imposing nearly if not quite the very rate of duty which the farmers themselves demanded, and by their arguments and statistics thoroughly justified. Can our agricultural classes want a better answer to the question, Who is the friend of the farmer, McKinley or Mills?

GEMS OF THOUGHT AND DICTION.

Culled From President Harrison's Speeches.

Every man should take off his hat when the starry flag moves by."

I know of no higher honor in this world than to be called' comrade' by the survivors of those who saved the Union."

"The Confederate soldier has a full, honorable and ungarded participation in all the benefits of a great and just Government,"

"When hope goes out of the heart and life becomes so hard that it is no longer sweet, men are not safe neighbors, and they are not good citizens."

"I pity the man who wants a coat so cheap that the man or woman who produces the cloth or shape it into a garment shall starve in the process."

"I believe that our legislation should be as broad as our territory, should not be for classes, but should be in the interest of all our people."

The Bellefonte base ball club which stood so low in the Mountain League game for so long in their last trip last week succeeded winning all the games they played but one which puts them a tie with Tyrone for second place. The boys feel much encouraged we hope they may hold their grip or better still win first place.

A WORKINGMAN'S OPINION OF THE BENEFITS OF PROTECTION.

We have already referred before to the fact that a resolution introduced into the Central Labor Union favoring Free-Trade and advising workingmen to read the Congressional pamphlet of Henry George's book was tabled by an overwhelming majority. In the discussion that followed the introduction of this resolution, Robert Blissert, the founder of the union, which is one of the greatest bodies of organized labor in the United States, took part and made an eloquent speech, opposing its passage, in which he spoke as follows of Protection and the condition of the American laboring classes:

The conditions existing in the United States to-day enable the American workingmen to buy more and better clothes and other necessaries than can be bought by the workingmen of any other country on the face of the earth. I worked as a tailor in London for many years, and I know what I am talking about. I could earn there just about half of what I can earn here. I am opposed, as every honest intelligent man must be, to the Central Labor Union indorsing Free-Trade by asking workingmen to read Henry George's book. I read that book long ago, and when I had finished reading it my belief in Protection was stronger than ever before. There is not a man here who came from England or any other Free-Trade country who will deny that he is getting higher wages under a high Protection Tariff than he ever got or ever could get under Free-Trade. These Free-Traders make a hue and cry about the admission to this country of pauper immigrants, but they turn around and in the same breath ask for the admission of pauper made goods free of duty. They join labor unions for the purpose of boycotting American pauper made goods and to secure higher wages. Once in the unions and they fight just as bitterly for a party that advocates the open sale in American markets of articles made by men and women who are miserably underpaid in Free-Trade countries. Does the good sense of these delegates here tell them that it would be consistent or honorable, when they consider the continuous warfare of ogranized labor against pauper made goods to vote for this resolution? Protection enables you to have luxuries, Free-Trade robs you of all luxuries and many necessaries, reducing you to the low level of the workingmen in the countries from which many of you escaped to live under the benign influence of Protection.

Here is the opinion of a competent judge a workingman himself and a leader in the ranks of organized labor. He speaks from practical experience, not from a theoretical standpoint, and we are sure that the great body of American workingmen will ratify his sentiments next November.

THE FLAG ON THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I rejoice in nothing more than in this movement recently so prominently developed of placing the starry banner above every schoolhouse. I have been charged with too sentimental an appreciation of the flag. I will not enter upon any defense. God pity the American citizen who does not love it, who does not see in it the story of our great free institutions and the hope of the home as well as of the Nation, and I think, notwithstanding perhaps a little too much tendency to rote in our public schools, that it is still true that our teachers, and especially the women, are not without sentiment.—*President Harrison at Saratoga.*

TAE TEACHER'S POWER.

It is quite as appropriate, I think, that the President of the United States should review the teachers of the land as that he should review its army or its militia. [Applause.] For after all the strength and defense of our institution, not only in peace but in war, it is to be found in the young of the land who have received from the lips of the patriotic teachers the story of the sacrifice which our fathers recorded to establish our civil institutions, and which their sons have repeated on hundreds of battle-fields—*President Harrison to Natiogal Educational Association.*

—A report was circulated in Bellefonte last Tuesday morning that Ellsworth Ardery, a member of company B, now stationed on the heights near Homestead, had been shot in the head and was in a critical condition, but upon investigation by telegraph it was found that the report was entirely false. All the boys at the seat of war are well and as contented as the hot weather of the past few days will permit.

DRUMMED OUT OF CAMP.

A Tenth Regiment Soldier Gets Into a Peck of Trouble.

HOMESTEAD, July 24.—The story of the quick and severe punishment meted by Lieutenant Colonel Streater to a private of his regiment who cheered when the news of the Frick shooting was received was told and verified in camp last night When the news of the shooting reached the Tenth regiment, which is across the river at Camp Rowley, Private Iams, of Company K. from Waynesburg, jumped up and wildly shouted: "Three cheers for the man who shot him."

Colonel Streater overheard the remark and ordered out the regiment. When the regiment was in line, the Colonel repeated the remark and said he recognized the voice which had uttered it. He then, without naming Iams, ordered him to step from the ranks, two paces to the front. After some hesitation Iams did so with fear and trembling.

The colonel then ordered him strung up by the thumbs, had his cap taken away and cut his buttons from his blouse. Two surgeons stood alongside Iams, while he hung by his thumbs, listening to his heart beating and feeling his pulse. After half an hour of the punishment, Iams became unconscious and he was cut down and resuscitated.

The severity of Iams's punishment was due to his refusal to take back or apologize for the expression. To-day one side of his head was shaved and the buttons cut from his uniform, of which he was then stripped. He was given a suit of cast off plain clothes part being a pair of overalls, and was at once drummed out of camp. The proceedings were approved by General Snowden.

SHORT TARIFF SERMON.

TRUSTS.

Trusts are not due to protection.

This is shown by the fact that the great Mecca of Combinations of all kinds is Free-Trade Great Britain.

They are the product of a human weekness common to all men, in every country and under every political systen——cupidity.

Combination is the recognized commercial tendency of the day. It is natural for men to combine where they see an opportunity for their own profit, and they will do this whether there be a Tariff or not, as all impartial judges, even Free Traders will admit.

Protection is no friend of trusts; in fact, it is essentially opposed to them. It prevents the formation of international combinations, for which there could be no destructive remedy, and guarantees men who wish to competition. By protection also, trusts are placed within the reach of our own laws; placed where they can be attacked and destroyed by the strong arm of the Government.

Free-Trade on the other hand, either leads to the establishment of international combinations, or by destroying an industry in this country and causing us to become dependent for the product of that industry on a few foreigners, puts us at the mercy of a foreign trust from which there can be no escape, and which of course no legislation of ours can reach.

This is entirely in harmony with the ordinary Free-Trade programme——to subject us in everything to the domination of the foreigner.

The only effective remedy for combination is a radical anti-trust law, such as that already passed by a Protectionist Congress.

The question of trusts can be formulated in a few words: Free-Trade and foreign trusts, absolutely our-masters. Protection, every difficulty in the way of forming trusts, new competition to nullify their influence, and prohibitory legislation to destroy them when formed.

—The new train lately put on the Lemont road, which leaves Bellefonte at 6 o'clock, and returns at half past eight going as far as Coburn, has not paid expenses. It was thought it would be taken off on the first of July, but the company have concluded to continue the experiment until the first of August, when if the travel on the train does not increase very much it will be discontinued. There were several persons in Bellefonte, that urged the Supt to try this experiment thinking it would be a great accommodation and would pay. But if they want this train continued the people along the line will have to travel more upon it.

—At the Eureka Grocery store High street, next door to post office Bellefonte, you will find constantly on hand a large stock of fresh groceries, which are sold at very reasonable prices, call and see them and you will be convinced that what we tell you about this store is true. Mr. Joseph Marshal is always on hand to greet all customers, and serve them on the square honest square dealing, is their motto.

A COQUETTE'S FAITH.

In the year 18—, many of the ranges of hills branching out from the lofty Cordilleras Mountains in Chili, were infested by bands of desperadoes, who, led by fierce, merciless chiefs, would pounce upon all travelers supposed to have valuables in their possession, robbing and very often murdering them.

The bodies of the victims were sometimes flung into deep gorges, and at others left in the very roads to strike terror to the unlucky wanderer who should chance to pass that way.

Bernard Warren, a young captain of an American schooner from the United States, was one day hunting in the vicinity of the infested locality, when he heard a loud cry for help. The words were uttered in unmistakable English, and the young captain even thought he could recognize the voice as that of one of his sailors—a handsome youth who had shipped in his vessel a few days before she sailed. The schooner now lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, the captain had given liberty, that is to say permission to go ashore to one of the watches, that they might enjoy themselves.

As to the captain himself, his enjoyments were, he believed, destined to be few in the world. Hunting had always been for him a pleasant pastime, but even that was now somewhat deprived of its zest by the recollection of the sorrow which had come to him before he sailed.

He had made, in his native city of New London, the acquaintance of Selina Hathaway, who, unfortunately, was something of a coquette. A beautiful girl, with eyes like stars and a voice like music, she had captivated the heart of Bernard, who had finally avowed his passion.

Selina had laughed, when he concluded, and shaking her head saucily, had remarked that she was not yet ready to marry, and that when she should be, she did not think he would be the man of her choice.

Staggered by this blunt refusal, he rose and left the house without saying a word. She had led him on, only to laugh at him when he proposed to her, and he would endeavor to forget a damsel of such heartless nature.

A week later he sailed away, and in the performance of his sea duties, which he could do with all the ardor of a true sailor, he strove to force Selina's image from his mind.

Vain the attempt. He was a miserable man. He grew pale and thin, and for some weeks lost his appetite.

Finally, however, the latter returned, but not with it the light-hearted manner which had hitherto characterized him.

Thus he was on that day, when, hunting in the Chilian wilds, he heard the cry for help. His was a nature upon which such an appeal could not fall in vain.

Rushing in the direction of the noise, he there beheld the handsome sailor youth mentioned, attacked by two fierce-looking men with long beards, who had thrown him down, and were now rifling his pockets of the scanty allowance of money, which had been given him to amuse himself ashore.

Captain Warren struck one of the ruffians upon the head with the butt of his piece, leveling him senseless to the earth. The other drew one of those long knives, which were great favorites with the robbers at that period, and rushed upon him, aiming a furious blow at his heart.

The captain quickly sprung aside; then his gun again whizzed through the air, coming down, with crushing force, upon the head of the second ruffian, who measured his length by the side of his companion.

The youth who had been attacked, and who lay upon the ground half stunned by a blow from one of the robbers, just before the captain appeared, now staggered to his feet.

"Thank you, captain," he said, pressing the latter's hand warmly. "I am glad—very glad you came when you did, as the rascals would otherwise have robbed and murdered me."

"I am glad I came when I did," said the captain. "But you should not have strayed so far from the vessel. I hope no others of my sailors have come so far away from the town."

The young man colored and hung his head. Then a smile wreathed his lips, disclosing teeth which were dazzingly white and even.

"I'm afraid I'm a sorry protector," said he, in a voice which was peculiarly coarse for one of such genteel physique. "Here I came for the sole purpose of being on hand to protect you in case you should be attacked by the desperadoes, and instead here you come to my rescue."

"You had better get back to the town as fast as you can," said Bernard.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the youth. "And you?"

"Never mind me," said the captain, with the dare-devil, indifferent air of a man caring little what became of him.

A peculiar expression of pity passed over the face of the youth. More, a tear gleamed in his eye as he walked off toward the town.

"What is there about that young fellow which always affects me so strangely?" muttered the captain to himself, as he moved off, leaving the two desperadoes lying side by side, still senseless.

Then he returned to the town and made the vigilantes (police officers) acquainted with what had taken place.

Before nightfall a party of these men arrested the two robbers, who were brought before the authorities in the town. Captain Warren and William Marvel, the youth whom he had rescued, appeared against the prisoners. The latter were sent to the calaboose, sentenced to hard labor for a lifetime.

The name of Captain Warren became, from that moment, a hateful one to the mountain robbers, who resolved to get him, if possible, in their clutches, and hang him upon some tree where his skeleton, high up on a topmost branch, might swing as a warning to others never to attempt to prosecute the band.

The captain, who never feared for, nor in fact cared for his life, continued his hunting excursions.

On some days it was nightfall before he thought of returning.

One evening a terrific storm burst upon him, while on his way to the town. The heavens were obscured by black clouds, and the noise of the wind was like the roaring of the sea. The tall trees shook as if about to give way, their branches cracking with a din like the rattling volleys of musketry. Meanwhile the rain came down in slanting lines, driving against the young man's face with a force which nearly stifled him.

The violence of the gale increased every moment, the streams and rivulets in the traveler's pathway swelling to torrents.

On came the latter, rushing along with a force which were near throwing the sailor off his feet. Finally the waters increased to such a degree that Bernard, to save himself from being overwhelmed by them, sought refuge in a deserted hut half-way up the mountain side.

In the hut there was a pile of logs, behind which, at this moment, crouched a slender form, drenched and shivering with the wet.

It was William the youth whom the captain had saved on a former occasion, and who, on this day had also followed him, reaching, by a circuitous route, the hut before Bernard, who, he thought likely, owing to the direction of his steps, would there seek refuge.

During all this time William had remained crouched behind the pile of logs, evidently fearing the captain's displeasure should he make himself known.

Bernard had not proceeded far when he discovered that he could go no farther, the water filling the hollows and other spaces in the ground so as to prevent his progress.

He returned to the hut. William, who was now obliged to crouch in some shrubbery to hide himself from the captain's view, thus remained until the young man had gained the hut, when he started to follow. He had not walked more than ten steps when he noticed a party of men approaching.

The moon having now emerged from behind a cloud, revealed enough of these personages for him to perceive that they were mountaineers.

They had long beards and high boots; some of them carried carbines slung to their backs, while others were provided with long knives.

The youth, who understood Spanish quite well, heard one of them say:

"I tell you he is here to-night, for I saw him at sundown start on his return, and I know he could not have gone far in the present condition of the roads."

"You would know him, if you saw him, again, I suppose?"

"I am not sure of that. He was down among the trees, so that I could not see him very distinctly, but, as well as I could make out, he was a small, slender man."

"Enough. If we only overtake him, we may avenge our imprisoned comrades."

"Ay, we will hang him to the tallest tree that grows upon the hill."

"His vessel will never leave this port with him for her captain."

Thus spoke the robbers, and William knew well that their conversation referred to Captain Warren.

He hurried noiselessly toward them, keeping in the shadow of the shrubbery, that they might not see him until he should come close upon them.

He had heard enough to show him that they had mistaken himself for the captain, and he seemed anxious to carry out the deception.

Finally, he gained a point within a few feet of the robbers, when he suddenly rose, half turning, as if about beating a retreat.

The outlaws, with fierce cries, pounced upon him. They gathered round him, brandishing their knives, their fierce eyes gleaming like fire in the moonlight.

"You are our prisoner. Your name at once?"

"Captain Warren," answered the youth, pale but firm.

He folded his arms as he spoke, and stood with an unflinching air, although a close observer might have noticed a slight tremor of the limbs.

"Curses upon you!" howled a robber, advancing and pressing the point of his knife against the youth's heart.

"Away with him!" shouted another of the robbers.

He was thereupon hurried off to the hills.

"Now, then, if you have prayers to say, say them at once!" shouted the leader of the band. "We intend to hang you to this tree"—pointing to a tree beneath which the group had halted.

The lurid light of a torch was now throwing a wild glare upon the scene. The savage mountaineers leaning upon rifle and club, looked like demons holding revel by the light of infernal fires.

William was dragged to the foot of the tree the moment he had said a short prayer.

"I have a request to make," said the youth, as he took a small note-book from his pocket and tore off a leaf, "which is that you will let me write a few words, and that, after my death, you will send the note to my vessel."

The idea seemed to rather please the robbers than otherwise.

"We intended to send word to your rascally officers of your execution," said the leader of the band.

"Nay, that is not all. I have more than a mere statement of my death to make."

"You will let us read the note after you write it?"

"Yes, on condition that you will not read it until after my death."

"Agreed; we have no objections to that," shouted several, simultaneously.

The youth wrote a few lines. Then he rose.

"Perhaps we had better read the note now," said one of the robbers.

"Yes, yes," cried several of his companions.

They attempted to snatch the note from the writer's grasp.

"My last wish is defeated," cried William. "Well, let it be so."

And he flung the paper to the winds.

The gale catching it, carried it far away.

The robbers despaired of finding it—at least at night.

"Hang him at once!" was now the cry.

They surrounded him, uttering fierce cries, and making wild gestures.

One of them had meanwhile procured a rope, which he now secured about William's neck.

The other end of the rope was then thrown over a high branch of the tree, to be seized by several of the band.

"Haul!" shouted the leader.

The men hauled, and William swung from the tree.

At the same moment, a strange rumbling noise was heard, a meteor-like flash was seen.

"An earthquake!" shouted the outlaws in chorus.

The mountain rocked and swayed. The outlaws rushed from the spot, to seek refuge in the lower land, where there was not so much danger.

The shocks of the earthquake lasted a full hour. Rocks were dislodged and went rolling along with the din of thunder, crashing through the shrubbery and into the gurgling waters far below, while many trees were torn up from their roots, to be sent trembling down.

In the morning Bernard, who, undisturbed by the shocks had remained all night in his hut, rose to depart for the town. Ruin greeted his sight on every hand. Finally he caught sight of a paper fast to a twig. He seized it and perused its contents, which were as follows:

"DEAREST BERNARD:—He who followed you to sea as William Marvel was none other than Selina Hathaway. She meant not what she said on that night when she refused you, for she really loved you as her life. She meant to let you know who she was before the end of the voyage, but an event has happened to prevent her. She has died to save you! Long before these lines reach you, her spirit shall have fled. The mountaineers will have hung her on one of their trees.

SELINA HATHAWAY.

Bernard's astonishment may be imagined. He rushed wildly up the mountain in search of the remains of his lost Selina. He found her, but not dead. The earthquake had uprooted the tree to which she was hung, in time to save her life. The false beard was plucked from her face, the dark stain rubbed from her skin.

Bernard recognized now the well-known features of Selina.

The sequel may be guessed.

They safely reached the schooner, and Bernard at once sailed for home, never again to doubt the love and faith of his well-tried Selina, who soon became his bride.—*Augustus Comstock.*

HER LAST ROMANCE.

"You are too romantic."

Mrs. Merriweather turned her face upon her.

"What did you say, Amina?"

"I said you were too romantic," repeated Amina, with sullen deliberation.

Amina was the daughter of a defunct Italian fiddler—a wild-eyed, erratic dreamer, who had drifted to these shores and for a few years kept the red-eyed hunger-wolf from the door by playing in the orchestra of the opera. There was nothing Amina did not owe to Mrs. Merriweather. It was the rich widow who had gathered her in and given her a home.

Mrs. Merriweather stood before her and in the abrupt arresting of her movements all the tinkling bangles on her wrists gave tongue. Mrs. Merriweather was very fond of bangles and pendants and tinkling cymbals. She looked very stately in her dignified pose, and scarcely more than thirty-five.

"It seems to me," she enunciated, with disarming gentleness, "that I hardly merit abuse at your hands, Amina."

Amina saw through her protectress as though she had been glass. But what had that to do with it? She felt convicted of ingratitude.

She suddenly flung herself out of her chair and down on the floor at Mrs. Merriweather's knee.

"Oh, don't mind what I say! I'm a wretch! You've been a angel to me and I'm unworthy as any viper!"

Mrs. Merriweather smiled benignly. such scenes were not new. Upon the whole, it was not unpleasant to have this half-indignant, half-protected austerity close to one. It made one feel young—almost girlish! And the alternations of passionate, adoring fealty were pleasant also. They gave color to daily life.

Mrs. Merriweather's smile curved into a youthful archness.

"You love me so much and yet you don't seem to think that others could love me!"

Amina was on her feet again, serious and almost sullen as before.

"Mr. Pallatine is young. I don't think he is more than thirty," she said.

This indeed, was venturing much!

Mrs. Merriweather drew herself up again, and this time there was no doubt about the steely point in her eyes.

"Mr. Pallantine is poor and a gentleman. That means that he has tastes which he cannot satisfy. To go about giving readings—gifted and fastidious as he is—cannot be wholly agreeable."

"I should think it might be more agreeable than being patronized by fine ladies," supplemented Amina.

"Decidedly," said Mrs. Merriweather, sweeping from the room, "you forget yourself to-day."

Amina sat down by the window with her hands in her lap. A wretch? Of course she was a wretch! Why had she not been left to starve by the body of her dead father in that bare room long ago?

That evening Egbert Pallatine, reading "Ulf in Ireland" Mrs. at Van Hooker's reception, was conscious of Mrs. Merriweather's fascinated eyes hanging on his face.

One hour later, when the recitations were over and some music to which people had listened with a patient resignation had been performed, he found himself in the midst of the push for the supper-room close to the widow's perfumed pink brocade and elaborate blonde head and opulent white shoulders and throat rising generously like a full-blown hot-house flower out of her low corsage and plentifully bedewed with diamonds.

He offered his arm, and Mrs. Merriweather rustled along beside him, showing all her wholesome white teeth and chattering graciously.

"I am desperately hungry," she declared, "and when you have attended to me in that way you will have to attend to me in another way also. The affair to-night has given me an idea."

Pallatine wheeled rather wearily. When he had returned with some salad and fricasseed oysters and croquettes and sandwiches on a plate and stood before the widow holding her champagne glass, she proceeded:

"I shall have some tableaux at my house. And they shall be described, as it were, by recitations. You will do the recitations and you will give me the benefit of your ideas as to how such things as you think could be fittingly illustrated by tableaux vivants. There! Will not that be a new idea? I want something that has not been done before. We must begin preparations at once."

When they got back to the drawing-rooms a move was being made by the younger people to break into dancing. Pallatine, having in some way become free again, made his way to where Amina sat alone against the wall.

"Aren't you going to dance?" he said, looking at her as he dropped into a seat beside her. She wore a gown of dark red crepe, almost high in the neck, and her small olive-tinted head, with a knot of waving black hair, looked like cameo. Mrs. Merriweather, who had regained her good-humor long before the evening, had urged Amina to wear something a little more youthful.

"You look so prim," had said the widow, gazing, not without complacency, at the Venetian vision of robust charms thrown back by the mirror, as her maid gave a deft touch here and there to the bodice of the pink brocade.

"I don't care about dancing," was Amina's reply to Pallatine's remark. "I don't care for this sort of thing, anyway. Only Mrs. Merriweather is good enough to bring me. She is always good. If I were better myself, I suppose I should enjoy it more."

"Why don't you enjoy it?" Pallatine's eyes had grown as serious as her own. He had abruptly awakened to the fact of how profoundly bored he had been all the evening. He had not before felt so rested and comfortable as sitting by the side of this solemn little girl who took so determinedly the air of a dependent.

"Because I was not made for it, I suppose."

"Well," Pallatine's voice sank unconsciously, "perhaps I was not, either."

"But your family used to be very gay and rich and fashionable, used it not? That makes a difference. You would naturally feel willing to give it all up now. It's only fair to take that into account."

Pallatine brought his fine eyes around upon her. What an extraordinary little girl! What could she mean?

* * * * *

Mr. Pallatine was coming into the house constantly now to direct the arrangements for Mrs. Merriweather's great entertainment—for as Mrs. Merriweather said what was there with his astonishing artistic taste that he could not do?—and Mrs. Merriweather had never been more gorgeous at all seasons in her dress, had never had her complexion put on more delicately, more carefully and more with the illusion of nature. Next to her Amina crawled about the rooms and halls like a little brown mouse.

"I don't see why you can't at least be Elaine to my Guinevere," Mrs. Merriweather said complainingly to the girl. "Then if we could only have had Mr. Pallatine for Launcelot it would have been perfect! He would make such a handsome Launcelot! He is so dark and knightly-looking!" Mrs. Merriweather's blue eyes were soft. She gave a little sigh. "But, of course, as he is to read that portion of the poem when the curtain rises to show a tableau of the barge and the courtiers of Arthur assembled, he can't be Launcelot too. But I repeat that you might be Elaine, Amina."

"Do I look like the Lily Maid of Ascolat?" cried Amina, flashing suddenly her berry-brown face with a bitter gleam in the eyes on her protectress.

"A wig and *blanc de theatre* would make you do," said Mrs. Merriweather.

But after all Amina held good and another Elaine was chosen. Mrs. Merriweather would have liked well enough to be the Lily Maid herself. But she could not be that and the beautiful, guilty Queen too. And Guinevere, of the two roles, was the stronger attraction.

When the great night came Mrs. Merriweather's magnificent drawing-room was crowded to suffocation.

"Absurd to wear a decent gown in such a crowd as this!" buzzed one lady to another.

"But then, my dear, this is an especial occasion! A sort of public proclamation of coming events—eh?"

The first lady tittered behind her fan.

"Actually it would seem so! You notice that the young man has a very prominent place in the entire affair! Good Heavens! how old do you think Mrs. Merriweather really is?"

"To be charitable—forty-five."

"Oh, my dear! Say forty-eight! Well, he is a handsome fellow. And romance was always her weakness."

On the improvised platform, meanwhile behind the lowered curtain, a wild scene was enacting. A rumble of crazy conversation arose from the ladies' dressing-room, like the tumult of the sea when all its waves murmur together.

"How resolutely you have kept out of this whole thing," said Egbert Pallatine abruptly to Amina. He found himself, for the moment, standing alone with her—both of them isolated in the vortex of the confusion.

"No. But I could do more by helping than by being in the tableaux myself," she said, coldly, and hastened away with her hands full of pins and draperies. A moment later she returned to find the young man standing motionless in the same place.

"Mrs. Merriweather is dressed for the first tableau and wishes you to see whether there are any suggestions to make."

She spoke without looking at him, and the next instant she was bending to adjust a fold in the widow's costume.

The latter stood before the young man and challenged him to admiration with every inch of her resplendent presence. She was a gleam of jewels and priceless stuffs and red lips. She was undeniably handsome. She looked fifteen years younger than her age, and the artist in Pallatine did homage to the consummate cleverness of the whole production.

"Perfect," he said, bowing low. The "Elaine" tableau came first. This was really a regal Guinevere. A flutter rose in Mrs. Merriweather's throat. The excitement half carried her a little out of herself.

"Had you been Launcelot," she murmured, with softened eyes, "it might have been perfect, indeed!"

And she held out her hand toward him.

The curtain went up in a moment and Pallatine began his reading in a whirl. He scarcely heard his own words. When the curtain had gone down again amid a burst of applause, hiding the reader and the illustrative tableau alike from view, he withdrew into a corner and tried, with all the renewed confusion around him, to collect his thoughts.

Great heaven! He did not wish to be a coxcomb, but what was this? Could it be—! Was this where he had been drifting, with his frequent visits to this house, his tolerance of the great lady's patronage? It seemed impossible, and yet— Merciful powers! He remembered Mrs. Merriweathrr's look, her extended hand and a chill ran down his spine.

Had the little Italian girl seen them? She had moved away as soon as he approached Mrs. Merriweather. And yet, how could he tell? His cheek tingled. If she had surmised anything of this sort it would account for the coldness, the contempt almost, with which she had seemed to treat him in these weeks he had been coming here. A poverty-stricken reader ingratiating himself into the favors of an elderly widow of wealth and social standing with visions of a matrimonial denouement—that was how he must have appeared to her. Faugh! The thought sickened him.

He went through the rest of the programme automatically. He was seized with a wild desire to get away. And yet his eye watched for Amina constantly. Just before the last tableau he caught sight of her standing on a chair and nailing up some bit of drapery for the scenery.

He found himself the next instant beside her and looking up, with a sort of desperation, into her pale face. Her lips were tightly set. Some hidden emotion seemed to communicate itself from him to her, from her to him. He longed to explain to her—

His voice came thickly, and all he found to say was: "I'm afraid the chair is not steady. You will fall."

"Oh, no," she said in turn. But was it his close presence that made her fingers less sure? One end of the heavy drapery slipped from her grasp and, as she made a movement to recover it, the chair tipped and her light weight slid downward into his arms.

It was a tremendous revelation to both of them. Their faces were white and their eyes glowed.

"Let me go," whispered Amina, fighting for her self-control.

"I love you," Egbert kept repeating. "I love you very much, Amina. You must believe me. That is why I have been coming here—though I did not know it myself."

It had been the affair of a moment. A high cardboard wing had screened them from view. But in the interstice of it Mrs. Merriweather had suddenly appeared. The three stood looking at each other; then a youth, wild with haste and excitement under his paint and wig, rushed frantically toward them and, dragging the fallen drapery out of sight, told them the curtain was about to rise.

* * * * *

Mrs. Merriweather's boudoir was darkened and an odor of cologne and *vinaigre de toilette* pervaded it. She herself lay on the lounge in a *deshabille* of the highest art design and with one hand, sparkling with rings, veiling her eyes.

A light tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Amina. She had, at length, been sent for and she appeared, like a culprit, with downcast eyes.

It was a dramatic moment, and Mrs. Merriweather would not have been Mrs. Merriweather had she not felt the thrill of the occasion.

"So," she began, "you have deceived me—both of you——"

But at this Amina unexpectedly rallied.

"Deceived you—no! I know now that Mr. Pallatine loves me and that I have loved him all along! But there was no deception. I owe you everything, and if you say that I must give him up I shall do so at once and forever. That I can do. But I cannot make him unlove me or love you instead if he has not done so already."

Mrs: Merriweather said not a word; and suddenly Amina threw herself down before the lounge and kissed the high art *deshabille* passionately.

"You are the kindest-hearted creature in all the world," she cried, "and when you are anything else you do yourself injustice! I know you will let us be happy still! Think of what you have! You can even pick up such waifs as I am and give them the greatest joy in life. But by ourselves we two have nothing—nothing but each other. Oh, be generous to us! You could not help being generous if you tried!"

* * * * *

It must be that Amina was right. For, after all, she and Egbert Pallatine were married not long after. The bride's trousseau was as complete as though she had been an heiress of untold means.

Mrs. Merriweather wears black a great deal now and a pensive smile. Both become her, and it is impossible that she is conscious of the fact. In any case she does not appear deeply unhappy.

Cigarettes in Austria.

The cigarette habit is flourishing tremendously in Austria. The number of cigars smoked in that country during the last year was 1,085,000,000, showing a reduction of 72,000,000 on the previous year. On the other hand the consumption of cigarettes rose to 895,000,000, or an increase of 174,000,000. The quantity of tobacco sold by the government, which monopolizes the market, has neither increased or diminished, although the consumption of snuff is steadily declining. Cigarette smokers in Austria take the ready-made article.

One of the justices of the Peace was appealed to the other day by a woman who wanted a warrant for the arrest of her husband for not supporting the family. "Why," she says, "he has brought home only two sacks of flour, a bushel of potatoes, and a cow in two weeks. I have said I would not live with him another day, but as I have just set a hen it seems hard to break up and leave."—*Owego Times.*

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Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is

The Invalid's Friend.

life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,

hip-to-long!

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

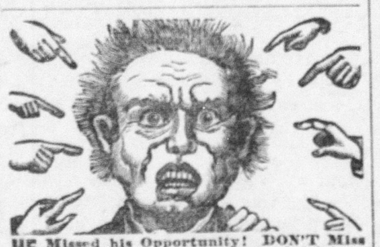
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

RUPTURE! Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer 831 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. Dr. Mayer is at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., second Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

Purify the Life Blood.

PURE BLOOD PROLONGS LIFE.
If you believe this; then use
DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER.
Which will cure Boils, Pimples, Scrofula, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Freckles, Black Heads, Etc. All Druggists sell it.
THE SELLERS MEDICINE CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

COMPLEXION PRESERVED
DR. HEBRA'S
VIOLA CREAM
Removes all Freckles, Pimples, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, thereby producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. For sale at druggists or mailed for 50c. Send for circular.
G. C. BITNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.



HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free,** by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

LOST MANHOOD!

"NERVITIS" (Piver's French Nerve Remedy,) is sold with a **Written Guarantee** to cure all Nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Nervousness, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion or youthful indiscretion, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Price, $1.00 a package. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund money. By mail to any address. PIVER'S REMEDY CO., Toledo, O.
BEFORE AND AFTER USE.

$21. $23.

SPECIAL RUN No. 19.
GREATEST VALUE ON EARTH.
Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk complete, see special circulars.
No. 4004, 3 ft. 6 in. long, net $16.00
No. 4009, 4 ft. 6 in. " " $21.00
No. 4010, 5 ft. long, - - " $23.00
Also see new 150 page catalogue for 1892. Great out of about 40 per cent from former list. BOOKS FREE, postage 10c. Shipped from St. Louis, Mo., or Indianapolis, Ind.
BANK COUNTERS A SPECIALTY.
We refer to every Bank in Thirty States.
TYLER DESK CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
Mrs. L. M. Campbell
Argyle, Wis., says:
The accompanying statement of my weight and measurements will show the results of five months' treatment.

	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight	220 lbs	205 lbs	75 lbs
Bust	42 in.	38 in.	10 in.
Waist	42 in.	31 in.	11 in.
Hips	53 in.	40 in.	13 in.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.
Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience, or bad effects. For particulars address, with 6 cents in stamps,
DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO ILL.

DURSTON'S BURGLAR.

Richard Durston, bachelor, had always been afraid of burglars and susceptible of old maids. He could not remember the time when the dread of being robbed or sued for breach of promise was not upon him. In other respects he was quite courageous. He never seemed to feel nervous about dogs, lightning, or fire. He even dared to do right now and then. On the whole he was as plucky as the average man in spite of his conviction that the time would come when he would have trouble with a burglar and a suit at law with an old maid.

Durston, as you know, lives in a handsome house on an uptown cross street. He has always held that the majority of burglaries are effected through the treachery of servants. He has, therefore, kept bachelor's hall for many years with the aid of only one assistant—an old woman—a kind of heirloom in his family. As he generally dines at his club he has managed to live very comfortably without keeping a boarding-house for men and women who might be in league with robbers. His aged housekeeper is not ambitious. He feels confident that she will never sue him for breach of promise nor permit a burglar to make a breach in the house.

Durston's library and bedroom are on the second floor. The old woman sleeps in a back room on the floor above. She is very deaf, so when Durston wishes to call her he touches a button at the head of his bed. This sends a mild electric current through the reclining form of the housekeeper upstairs. She approves of this process in the belief that it tends to hold her rheumatism in check. It seems a very shocking way to treat an old woman, however. And then Durston must find it unpleasant to discharge a servant two or three times a day.

But revenons a nos burglar. One night last winter Durston reached home rather earlier than usual. As was his custom he examined the doors and windows in the lower part of the house and then went to the library. He found his smoking-jacket and slippers in their accustomed place. A wood fire was crackling in the grate and a decanter of whisky and a box of cigars tempted him from the centertable. Durston smiled contentedly as he drew an easy-chair toward the fire. Life was very pleasant to him. He was one of those happy bachelors who have no regrets. Not that Durston lacked sentiment. Far from it. In fact, he was not at all what the world calls a practical man.

No, Durston was inclined to look at the romantic side of life, and as he smoked a perfecto and sipped his whisky and seltzer in front of the blaze that night he indulged in imaginings that would have shocked the hard-headed housekeeper up-stairs worse than did her private electric current the day the battery was overcharged.

Durston had for the moment forgotten all about old maid and burglars. He was in a condition of bodily and mental repose that drove into outer darkness all the unpleasant things of life. Finally the conviction came upon him slowly that it was time to go to bed. He fought hard against the proposition, but there was no escape for him. Looking at his watch he found that it was long after 1 o'clock. Turning out the lights in the library he entered his bedroom. He was still in a state of sleepy contentment. Just as he was about to put out the gas he was startled by a slight noise that seemed to come from the cellar. He listened intently. Five minutes passed but there were no further sounds from below. Durston surrounded himself by perfect darkness and crawled into bed. But he could not sleep. That unlucky noise had rendered him feverish. The thought of burglars had destroyed his serenity of mind. His revolver lay on a chair by the bedside and he kept his hand on it for some time. The weapon seemed to whisper to him: "Peace, Durston; go to sleep, my child. I will not go off until the burglar comes."

This assurance on the part of the pistol quieted Durston somewhat and he was beginning to feel very sleepy again when he heard a light step on the stairs. There was no mistake about it. After keeping sullenly aloof for years Durston's burglar had come at last. At first our bachelor felt a cold chill creeping up his spinal column. Then, as the burglar carefully stole through the hall and entered the library, Durston was astonished to realize that he was lying in bed with a pistol in his hand, a house-breaker in the next room, and that he was beginning to enjoy the adventure. The thought flashed through his mind that even a breach-of-promise case might not be as horrible as he had imagined.

"The reckless fellow seems to think that there is nobody in the house," chuckled Durston as he heard his visitor light a burner in the library. Then quietly getting out of bed and stepping gently to the door of his bedroom Durston pointed the revolver at a small, dark, rather well-dressed man who stood in the center of the library looking about him eagerly.

"Put up your hands or I'll send a ball through you," cried Durston, sternly.

The dapper little burglar saw at a glance that his game was up.

"Don't do anything rash," he remarked calmly, helping himself to a stiff dose of Durston's whisky and then lighting one of his unwilling host's cigars.

Durston was astonished and amused. "Now that I've got my burglar after waiting for him so many years I might as well make a little pleasure out of him," he said to himself. Then to the burglar:

"You're a cool one. I congratulate you on your nerve. You will pardon me, however, if I ask you to take the trouble to lay aside your cigar for a moment and step to the telephone."

The burglar looked sharply at Durston, who still covered him with the revolver. There was that in the bachelor's face that shook the coolness of the intruder. He walked quickly to the telephone.

"Take down that pamphlet there," continued Durston. "Now look up the 'call for the —— precinct stationhouse. Have you found it?"

"Yes."

"Ring up the Central office."

"The burglar sullenly turned the crank.

"You know what to do now. Go ahead."

A glance at the revolver was sufficient for the frightened little man. He briskly gave the required number to the operator.

"Is this the —— precinct stationhouse?" he asked after a time. "All right. Wait a moment."

"Tell them you're a burglar and want a policemen sent here at once to arrest you," commanded Durston, smiling grimly.

"Will one policeman do? they ask," said the burglar.

"Use your own judgment in that matter," remarked Durston, politely.

"Hello, hello! Yes, one will do very nicely. Hurry him up, please. Yes. Thank you. Good-night."

"You did very well," commented our bachelor. "If you robbed as cleverly as you telephone you would not be where you are now. I must put you to the inconvenience of stepping into my bedroom for a moment. I want my housekeeper to see a nice little burglar who has ordered his own arrest.

Durston, with a pistol still in hand, touched the electric button at the head of his bed. A few moments later the housekeeper, en neglige, entered the library. With a cry of despair she clasped the burglar to her bosom. "My son, my son, why are you here?"

Durston was amazed. He had not known that his housekeeper had a history.

"Is this one of your boys?" he yelled at her.

"My only son," she sobbed. "I have not seen him for twenty years, but I recognized him at once. Is he a friend of yours, Mr. Durston?"

Our bachelor knew not what to say. His housekeeper, as I have said, was an inheritance from his parents and he had always been fond of her. She had taken good care of him all these years and he hated to tell her that her son was a criminal.

"Yes," he shouted, "he dropped in to have a cigar with me. I knew you would like to see him. But he is obliged to go now. He wants to catch a train for Montreal. Kiss him farewell. He won't be back for some time."

"Thank you, sir," murmured the burglar. "You have a good heart."

A few minutes later Durston stood on the front steps of his residence and watched his housekeeper's son as he hurried down the street.

"What shall I say to the policeman?" was the problem vexing him.

You remember the mysterious item that appeared in the newspapers the next morning. Durston explained his telephone message on the ground that he had been suffering from nightmare. The above is the first public statement of the facts in the case. I hope Durston won't get into a scrape by this narration. As a good citizen he had no right to let the burglar escape.—*Edward S. Van Zile in N. Y. World.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GUARANTEED CURE.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold, or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

John, have you seen that woman lately?
John, in astonishment, what woman?
That woman in another column picking grapes for Speer's Wines, and read about it; the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and the best in the world. The Boards of Health in large cities and leading hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

"CAN I ASSIST YOU, MADAM?"
This is an every-day occurrence; she is taken with that "all-gone" or faint feeling, while calling or shopping. The cause of this feeling is some derangement, weakness, or irregularity incident to her sex. It matters little from what cause it may arise; instant relief may always be found by using
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound
It is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for those peculiar weaknesses and ailments of our best female population. Every Druggist sells it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints, either sex, the Compound has no rival.
Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply.
Send two 2-cent stamps for Mrs. Pinkham's beautiful 88-page illustrated book, entitled "GUIDE TO HEALTH AND ETIQUETTE." It contains a volume of valuable information. It has saved lives, and may save yours.
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE
It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Physicians Couldn't Cure. X
SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUENNEFELD.
DELHI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.
BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies.
THOS. O'REILLY.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.
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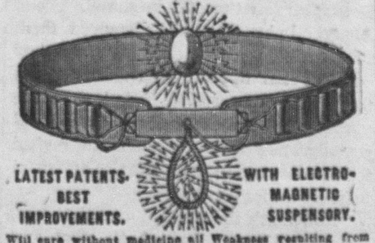
RUPTURE
DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet

MYSTIC CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. CURES IN A DAY
A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.
Write for treatise and testimonials.
PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT



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Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.
Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men; FREE WITH ALL BELTS.
Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, sealed, free by mail. Address
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M.
		WESTWARD		
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 61	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.9	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 26	5 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 49	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.2	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.9	6 48	11 45	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40
		EASTWARD		
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 00	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 13
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 16	9 40
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 13	9 40
Mill Hall	51.3	10 33	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis.	Eastward	
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
5 05	9 31		SCOTIA	25.5	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	29.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.9	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 49	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.1t a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.50 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15		MONTANDON	5.80	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar.	LEWISBURG.	Lv	5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv.	LEWISBURG.	Ar		9.10	5.25
5.4	6.30	2.35		Biehl f			9.00	5.26
6.8	6.35	2.40		Vicksburg f			8.58	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50		MIFFLINBURG			8.43	5.10
13.1	8.52	2.57		Barber f			8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03		Swengle f			8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05		Millmont			8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14		LAURELTON			8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25		Pardee f			8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38		Cherry Run f			7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48		Paddy Mt. Tunnel f			7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54		Ingleby f			7.39	4.07
36.6	7.58	4.00		Coburn			7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.03		Zerby f			7.21	3.52
43.4	8.16	4.17		Rising Springs			7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25		Penn's Cave f			7.05	3.36
49.2	8.24	4.30		CENTRE HALL			6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37		Gregg f			6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43		Linden Hall			6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48		OAK HALL			6.38	3.11
58.5	8.46	4.52		LEMONT			6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57		Dale Summit f			6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06		Pleasant Gap f			6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10		Axeman f			6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15		BELLEFONTE			6.10	2.48

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.					WESTWARD	
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No.1	No.3
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 29	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE. Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	1.	6 07	3 39
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	3 18
5 59	8 51		Linns		6 19	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 36	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	Lv STATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.
Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.
THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 25	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 39	a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31	a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55	a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55	a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40	p m
GRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50	a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 00	m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 20	p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10	p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15	p m
"	" Kane "	9 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20	p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45	p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 19	p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02	p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00	p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia	4 30	a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	"

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary, "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, " " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B S Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M P Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society needs no introduction. Its last exhibit was in 1891, at the Bethlehem Fair Grounds, and was attended by thousands of people.

The Lackawanna County Agricultural Society put forth efforts, to secure the Fair for Scranton, and articles of agreement for a joint exhibition have been signed. Therefore, the 38th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society will be held at Scranton' Pa., September 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th. and 10th,

The Lackawanna County Agricultural Society's Fair Grounds are inclosed and embrace nearly forty acres of land, admirably located for the purpose intended, being within the city limits, and fronting on prominent thoroughfares. The facilities of access are ample and convenient. The electric cars run direct to the grounds.

Scranton is accessible via the Jersey Central, Delaware Lackawanna and Western, and Delaware and Hudson railroads.

The officers and managers will use every effort to make the exhibit the most attractive and interesting ever held in Pennsylvania. Not only the farmer and mechanic, but every man, woman and child should be interested and give encouragment to these exhibitions intended for mutual benefit.

Agricultural Societies and Fairs are mediums through which the people can have free interchange of opinions with each other and thus become familiar with the improvements in every branch relating to agriculture, horticulture, mechanics and the household arts.

H. A. B. Longaker, of Easton, Pa., has been appointed General Supeintendent, and is now on the grounds and will remain there alotting space, etc.

There will be liberal premiums for the product of the farm and garden. Liberal premiums for mechanics, and the household arts. New attractions and new features. Liberal premiums for trials of of speed, etc., etc.

It is the intention to make this the best fair ever held in the State.

Premium lists, and further information, by calling on or addressing.

J. SCHALL WILHELM,
Secretary.
Penn'a State Agricultural Society, Harrisburg, Pa.,

or, G. A. JESSUP,
Secretary,
Lackawanna County Agricultural Society, Scranton, Pa.

George Gross who would much rather hunt and fish than work at anything else returned home from one of his Hunting excursions a few days ago with thirteen woodcock which he sold for fifty cents a piece that is better than working on the railroad for one dollar and twenty five cents a day.

THE DEAKON'S MEETING.

How a Soul Received New Light and Inspiration.

"There, there! Somebody's a-knockin', Jotham. Do you hear? There's somebody a-comin' in."

"Let 'em come, blast it all! Don't you suppose I've got ears as well as you?"

There was a heavy foot on the scraper, then a vigorous rustling of the braided husk door-mat and Reny's second appeal was in a whisper.

"Oh, Jotham! Don't! I'll have it put back; I'll do anything, if you'll take that thing off and not make yourself ridiculous."

"Mind your business," growled the man addressed, and he drew up still closer around his shoulders the faded print bedquilt in which he had wrapped himself, and tucked the buffalo robe tighter still into the arms of his rocking-chair and about his knees.

There were only two seasons in Mrs. Dea Crabbe's household. The transition of summer to winter was marked by domestic rather than solar movements. On the first day of May, unless that fell upon a Sunday, the good woman's kitchen stove was moved into the shed, the rag carpet, which had hung suspended on a pole in a attic all winter, was tacked down in its place, chairs, tables and lounges crossed over and exchanged partners, and after a lively dance settled themselves down into their regular summer relations to the points of compass. After that warm weather was in order. If a belated chill ventured to make itself felt in the atmosphere, it was stoically ignored so far as the old lady herself was concerned. Her husband, who had always been, in his private home life, somewhat inconveniently left-handed in his disposition, grumbled out a few emphatic denunciations from his secular vocabulary—for he was a church deacon, and had his prayer-meeting phraseology as well then quieted down into summer routine, and knew from the transition that it was time to plant corn, beans and cabbage. He never had taken on in this fashion before. Perhaps he was getting rheumatic. Reny was just thinking over the respective curative properties of the herbs in the attic when the visitors entered.

It was the round, weather-beaten face of Sam Tooley, the stage driver, that appeared in the door. He took out the red cotten bandanna with which he was wont to muffle the trumpet blast from his nose, and after this little ceremony of salute he carelessly diffused his loosely-hung members on the nearest chair.

"Well, deacon," said Sam, surveying the old man's wrappings with a quizzical air, "be ye to hum, or be ye gone to bed, or be ye out ridin'? I hoped, for the prosperity of Zion, that I should find ye to hum, 'cause you've got ter preach tomorrow. Dea Turner says so. He wanted me to tell ye that Parson Peters didn't come up to-night."

Sam was one of the most righteous of sinners. He was as upright as a saint in his dealings and as a flippant as a scoffer in his speech.

"So, you see, you'd better be a castin' off the robe of your own righteousness—kind o' patch-work, ain't it?"—and Sam drew up nearer and caught hold of the bed quilt for closer inspection—"and a puttin' on the whole armor o' God. You must anoint yer feet and wash yer head and take the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit and go at 'em hammer an' tongs. Tell 'em they're a wicked and perverse generation, and it's the Lord's marcy they ain't consumed. Reel off a list of their sins to them. 'Twon't hurt them none. Tell 'Bijah Davis that he'll pray like all possessed in the prayer meetin', and he's been a owin' me for hay nigh on ter three years and I can't git a cent. An' Joe Josyn'll grind out texts o' Scripture as he grinds out corn in his mill, but he'll go right home and take three times the toll he'd ought ter.

"And the women'll whine out prayers, as women allus will when they pray in meetin', and end up with a pious snuffle, an' then on their way home they'll tell a stream of lies about their neighbors big enough to carry a sawmill. I tell ye we ought ter have a few more deacons appointed to go round and look into the private lives o, these church members."

Sam paused with a look of serious concern on his face as he meditatively twirled his thumbs. The old clock never ticked so loud.

"An' then there's Christy Jones—she'll squeal out a sky-splittin' psalm about the Lord's marcy bein' everlastin' an' to all generations, when she's sent her old bedridden mother off to the poorhouse sos't she can be free to spin street yarn. Wilbur Brown, he's another of them church fellers. Everybody knows that he starved them two-year-old critters of his'n till they couldn't stan' up, he's so 'fraid he'd have to buy hay 'fore spring. An' then the young folks—they take to the creed an' covenant mighty easy when them revival fellers come round, but they're an awful ungodly lot for all that.

"Now that's the way I'd preach to 'em, deacon. I'd tell 'em what's what, and say 'amen' and 'everlastin" and git off the benediction and the doxology to wind it up, strong, and then I'd let 'em go home and think on't"

And Sam began to collect his scattered members as if about to rise and depart.

"Set still, Sam,,' said the deacon, who appeared to ignore the fact that his bed quilt and buffalo were sliding down to the floor. But Sam would not let him shed the skin of his disgrace and rise into his manhood on the sly.

"Your things are a gittin' off, here," he said, as he jumped up and readjusted them with remorseless dexterity "I'm afraid the wind 'll git in round your feet; I'll tuck this up a little tighter."

"Sam, I understand you," said the deacon, and the grim jaw which had snapped together like a vice after his thunder blasts to Reny an hour before, began to relax its firmness a little. "I see clear through you and you see clear through me. I know that next time you make out a catalogue of the sin of the church members you'll put my name at the head of the list. You'll tell how I've been a deacon for thirty years and have been so ugly to home that my oldest boy ran away and went to sea, and t'other one went to Alaska to git just as far away from me as he could, and my gal threw herself away marryin' a good-for-nuthin' feller, to have a home of her own, and that my wife's all broke down with her trouble. Sam, you'll lay it on thick, and I shan't blame ye none, neither."

The deacon jumped up, picked up his fallen mantles and passed them over to his wife, saying, in a voice whose gentleness startled her: "Here, Reny, you'll oblige me by foldin' these up and puttin' 'em away. I shan't want 'em no more. It's growin' a leetle warmer. Yes, Sam, you may tell Dea Turner I'll take charge of the meetin' to-morrer."

"All right, deacon, you'll do fust rate, I don't doubt. Everybody knows you've got more ability than any other man in the parish."

"An' hold on, Sam. I don't want none of yer solf soap about 'ability,' but I do want you to come to-morrow and hear me. I've got a special reason."

"By George! I will? I've had a new meetin' coat for most a year, and there haint nobody asked me to wear it. Now's my chance. I'll be there."

A deacon's meeting in the town of Peachblow had never been a very wildly exciting occasion, and such services were thinly attended, but it was understood that a brand-new candidate, Parson Peters was to set forth his claims to orthodox soundness that day—and soundness in doctrine was a far more potent key to the kingdom than soundness in living in the Peachblow estimation of values—and all the inhabitants had turned out to hear him. Their disappointment was not very well concealed. The deacon saw it and felt it as he had anticipated it and was strong in his purpose. The Scriptures were read, the prayers offered, the notices given, and again the deacon cleared his throat and rose upon the low platform in front of the pulpit. He had no book of sermons from which to read.

"My friends," he said, and his voice had a slight tremor, "I've been a deacon for thirty years. I've prayed within these walls for the outpouring of the Spirit, for the upbuilding of the church, for the spread of the gospel, for the conversion of sinners and for the sanctification of believers. Now I want to ask you all to pray for me—for the salvation of my soul. I've been a deceivin' myself, and I ain't got one claim to bein' called a child o' God. I've really cared a great deal more for clearin' up o' my farm than I have for the purifyin' of the church. I've all along been willing to do more and go further for the carrying out of my own mad temper than I have for the spreading of the gospel. I've prayed for the outpouring of the Spirit, and I've been a shutting my heart against it all the while. When it told me I was doing wrong I said 'twas other folks and not me. When he told me I was not acting a christain, I thought back of the times when I see a kind of a light, and heard something speak to me when there was nothing around, and I was sure that was conversion, and as for staying converted I was no Methodist. I'd always heard say it was dishonoring to God not to believe that He'd keep a grip on a man when He once got it. And so here I be, an obstinate, selfish, worldly old man that my own children can't live with," and something very like a sob choked further utterance. "Brethern, pray for me," at last he gasped, and sat down.

There was a prolonged silence. The surprise, the sympathetic mood of self-accusation, the awakening voice of conscience in each heart produced deep impressions. No soul felt itself pure enough to respond to the pathetic appeal.

At length the other deacon arose, read a few verses from the Fifty-first Psalm and pronounced the meeting closed. A business meeting was held during the week at which Dea Crabbe insisted upon resigning his office, and in recommending as his successor a quiet young man whose life of self-denial and loving sacrifice for his invalid parents had won the love and confidence of all.

The spirit of self condemnation went round. There had been no such deep spiritual earnestness manifested in the parish for years. Little comment was ever heard upon the deacon's words. All knew that as much might be said of their own fruitless lives. There was a humble seriousness, a faithful effort at quiet righteous living, that had not been known in all the history of the church, and yet there was no revival and no extra meetings. When people accuse each other there is a rebound of resistance which foils all attempts at lasting impressions, but when one's own heart and conscience are the accusers there is none to rise up and defend, and the voice must be heard.

"Well, Reny," said the deacon, a twelve month later, "It's the first of May, ain't it? Do you want I should help move the things before I go out to work?"

"No, Jotham. I was just a thinkin' we'd better wait a fortnight later. We may have some more cold weather Yet."—Julian O. Hall, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

OBTAINING A "REFERENCE"

The clear Feburary sunshine lay like a river of gold across the dark, rich lines of the Axminster carpet as Dolly Damer drew the decorated window shade.

"It seems a pity to shut out God's sunshine," murmured she, "but Mrs. Ledyard is always cautioning me about letting that carpet fade."

And she took a farewell glance out over the snow enameled avenue, where gayly caparisoned sleighs skimmed to and fro and parties of promenaders occupied the pavements, before she returned to her humdrum task of dusting the drawing-room.

For Dolly Damer was "only the upstairs girl" in Mr. Ledyard's pretentious establishment. She was a farmer's daughter, who had received an education above the average; and when old Hiram Damer's death had broken up the household, she had come to New York, hoping to get a situation as nursery governess or companion.

Disappointed in one after another of her aspirations, she was at last glad to secure a place as parlor-maid at Mrs. Ledyard's, where she was to-day, singing as she dusted bric-a-brac and polished plate glass—for Dolly was a cheerful little maid, and had an inveterate habit of making the best of things.

Crash! Dolly gave a start and turned around.

Little Gladys, the youngest child of the Ledyard flock, in tampering with a china shepherdess, had knocked it over. It lay in a score of glittering fragments on the floor.

"Oh, Miss Gladys!" cried the up stairs girl, "what have you done?"

"Dolly, don't give me away," stammered the slangy daughter of the house. "Tell ma it was the cat."

"But, Miss Gladys, that would be a lie."

"No, it wouldn't. It would be nothing on earth but a tiny little white fib. And ma will be so mad. Oh, Dolly, do let her think it was pussy!"

"I couldn't Miss Gladys. Please don't ask me to!" pleaded poor Dolly. "I must speak the truth if she asks me."

Miss Gladys Ledyard swung, muttering out of the room.

"I'll be even with her yet," said she, "the mean, hateful tattle-tale!"

And when Mrs. Ledyard came home from her sleigh-ride in the park Gladys was beforehand with the "mean, hateful' tattle-tale." Mrs. Ledyard sent for Dolly, taxed her with the misdemeanor of breaking a Dresden shepherdness worth twenty dollars and then endeavoring to conceal her mishap, while Gladys stood grinning by, and then discharged her, first warning her that it would be useless to expect a reference from that number Fifth avenue.

So poor Dolly went back to the intelligence office and sat there day after day until all her slender stock of patience and still more slender supply of money were exhausted. No one would engage a girl without any reference from her last place. Day by day her heart sank lower, and the future became darker, until her landlady's daughter, a stylish-looking black-eyed girl who was lady's maid in a handsome house on Mallahue square, heard of her dilemma.

"No reccommend, eh?" she said. "I can set that square. I'll give you one."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Why not? It's often done. I know two or three girls who have helped each other out of a tight place like that. My family is going into the country for the Easter holidays. Send your people to Number Six, Mallahue square, Mrs. Nyton's, and I'll be Mrs. Nyton, and give you an A. Number One character."

"But, Ellen, that would be untrue!"

"What would be untrue? That you are honest, willing, capable?"

'No, but—you are not Mrs. Nyton."

"I shan't say that I am. I shall merely say what I know to be the truth about you; and if you succeed in getting a good place, all that I ask is a dollar or two out of your first month's wages. It will be a sort of masquerade!"

Then Ellen laughed and showed her white, even teeth.

Dolly hesitated.

"It's a pity if we poor girls can't outwit the fine ladies now and then. Any time after Monday Mrs. Nyton will be at home."

Poor Dolly argued the point feebly, but finally gave in, and little Mrs. Edgecumbe of Lilliesleaf Farm, was more than delighted with the recomendation she obtained for her new maid in the Mallalieu square mansion.

"Such an elegant house!" she said, "And a tea gown of olive plush such as I never saw out of a fashion-plate. But I was surprised to hear Mrs. Nyton, the lady of the house, speak such dreadfully bad grammar!"

"Probably," said Mr. Edgecumbe, she is endowed with more money than brains."

"Most likely," said the little house wife.

Dolly Damar was quite happy at Lilliesleaf. It was, strictly speaking, a beefarm, but they kept cows and poultry as well, and Dolly was delighted to get back to the pleasant cares that had been so familiar to her in the old life.

John Gardiner, Mrs. Edgecumbe's brother, the village pastor, boarded there, and they soon discovered that Dolly was no ordinary, uneducated "kitchen help."

The three children were blue-eyed sunny-tempered little cherubs, the wages were generous, and Dolly found herself at last in possession of a home.

After the housework was done of an evening, she could help Mrs. Edgecumbe with the family mending, copy music for Mr. Gardiner's choir practice or write at the dictation of Mr. Edgecumbe, who was painfully preparing a "Text Book on Bee Culture," and day by day she grew, she scarcely knew how brighter and happier.

She had experienced a pang of remorse when she sent Ellen Gibbs a two dollar bill in a letter, out of the first instalment of her wages, but that was soon over; till one Sunday afternoon sitting in charge of her class in the little church, she heard John Gardner talk to his Sunday school about the divine attributes of truth.

Like a keen-edged poniard, it stung her to the heart.

"And I," said she to herself, "am a liar! What business have I in this happy home—this pure, peaceful atmosphere, Oh, I wish—how I wish—never had listened to Ellen Gibbs! And yet, if I hadn't I must have starved or drowned myself. Oh, dear, how hard it is to know what is right!"

She went home and packed her poor little trunk.

"My second month is up to-morrow, Mrs. Edgecumbe," said she in a faltering voice, "and I am returning to New York."

"To New York? Oh, Dolly" cried the little woman, throwing up her hands in despair. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Dolly, valiantly swallowing her tears; "only I must go."

"Has any one offended you?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"If you want higher wages—"

"No, Mrs. Edgecumbe; you pay me all I earn now."

"Then what is it, dear Dolly, do stay. You are like one of ourselves," pleaded Mrs. Edgecumbe.

But Dolly only answered with her tears.

"I can't think what has changed her so, all of a sudden," said Mrs. Edgecumbe. "The children have coaxed her, and Mr. Edgecumbe has offered her higher wages, but it is of no use. Perhaps John, if you were, to speak to her—"

Mr. Gardner sat silently balancing his pen, regardles of the big round blot that had fallen on the text of his Sunday sermon. It was a strange revelation to him, the chill feeling that came across his heart at the idea of Dolly's going away.

"Yes," said he, "I will speak to her. Somehow, it seems as if we couldn't spare her."

But even to his kind reasonings Dolly only replied by tearful silence.

"I must go," said she——"I must! And you, if you knew all, would say the same thing."

"I dont know what I shall do, I'm sure," said Mrs. Edgecumbe, lapsing into deep despair. "I shall never have courage to face an intelligence office again. Cassie Merton has just been here telling me the strangest stories about those places. It seems she knew of a woman whose business it is to act as reference to girls who can't get any or don't deserve them. She has hired a gaudily furnished flat, and sits up there all day acting the part of the last lady with whom the girls lived at so much a head. Fancy what a deception! The police have broken up the place on the complaint of a lady who found herself the victim of a dishonest maid whose recommendation was obtained in this manner, but who knows how many others there may be?"

Dolly sprang to her feet, saying:

"Mrs. Edgecumbe, that is what I did! That is the reason I leave you. I can't stay longer and bear the burden of my guilt."

And she confessed it all, beginning at the story of the Dresden shepherdess, and ending with Ellen Gibb's sitting in the vacant boudoir of the lady who had gone to spend the Easter holidays at Tuxedo Park.

"Now you know all," said she. "Please let me go at once, for of course you won't be willing to let me sit at the table with the dear children again."

And her words died away in a great burst of sobs.

"Not willing, indeed!" cried Mrs. Edgecumbe. "Of course I won't be willing to let you stir a step from Lilliesleaf farm. Is that all that troubles you Dolly?"

"Isn't that enough?" wailed poor Dolly.

"Quite enough to satisfy me that you must stay," said Mrs. Edgecumbe. "Why Dolly, child, you are like my own sister now. Do you think I will let you go back into such temptation again?" Never! Talk to her, John! Make her understand that we like her better than ever for having told us the truth—dear, brave girl!"

Mrs. Edgecumbe ran out of the room to tell her husband that all was right.

Dolly looked timidly at Mr. Gardiner.

"Well said he, kindly.

"It is for you to decide," whispered he. "I will do exactly what you say."

"You'll promise me that, Dolly?"

"Yes," she avowed artlessly.

"Dear little Dolly!" said he. "You have done very wrong, but you have atoned for all that by your free and frank confession. My verdict is that you remain here."

"Oh, Mr. Gardiner, I am so glad!"

"Stop!" said he. "I am not quite through."

"Oh!" sighed Dolly, blankly.

"There is something else I want you to do."

"By way of penance?"

Dolly's blue eyes sparkled: her old playful spirit was coming back again.

"If you choose to call it penance, yes. I have discovered something within the last hour, Dolly. I have discovered that if you went away a great portion of the light and sunshine of my life would go also; that I love you Dolly, and this thing that I ask of you is to be my wife."

Dolly hid her burning face among the the leaves of the big geranium in the window.

"I—think—I must—be—dreaming," said she. "Because—how can I have deserved such happiness as this?"

"If we all got only what we deserve in this world," said Mr. Gardiner, "we should some of us fare pretty hard. That is the clerical side of me. And now Dolly my own darling little Dolly," taking her tenderly to his heart," here is the human side of me! No happiness in all the universe can be too much for you sweet one. And I love you all the better, in that you are no more absolutely perfect than myself."

And this "situation" as minister's wife at Lilliesleaf was the last that Dolly Damar ever took, and if any one else wants a "reference" for her they must ask the Reverend John Gardiner.

LINE TO BE BUILT FROM WATSONTOWN TO BELLEFONTE.

A dispatch from Bellefonte, June 29, says "a great railroad excitement has broken out here and business men and manufacturers who have long been trying to get another line into this section to compete with the Pennsylvania railroad which has a monopoly of the trade of the Bald Eagle and Nittany Valley, expect to soon have their cherished hopes realized. Workmen are now engaged on what is believed to be the terminus of a branch of the Reading Railroad, which has been surveyed from Bellefonte to Watsontown, a distance of 60 miles. An effort has been made for years to secure right of way for the road about to be built, but success has attended it only within the past month. The Reading Company has leased the line for a term of 999 years. Leaving Watsontown the road runs through the White Deer Valley-enters Sugar Valley through Logansville, and through a gap in the mountain near Washington furnace. Thence it heads along Hublersburg and Zion, Centre Co. From Zion the road runs through Curtin's Gap, a short distance east of Bellefonte, into the Bald Eagle Valley, crossing the canal and following up the tow-path to Milesburg, paralleling the Bald Eagle Valley railroad to Bellefonte. Within a very few days a thousand or more men will be at work hurrying along the construction of the road.—Lewisburg *Journal* of July 6-1892.

BELLEFONTE GOOSBERRIES.

It is said that J. Kyle McFarlane, of East Linn street Bellefonte, has Goosberries in his garden that measure six inches in circumferance. Is there any other town or township in the county that can equal or excel this, if there is send in the returns.

CANDIDATE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of O. J. Spotts, of Union township, as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

Mrs. Anna Sutherland

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or **Goitre** From her 10th year, causing **40 Years** great suffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took **Hood's Sarsaparilla** And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have also been cured. It will do you good.

HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver Ills, Jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2816, New York City.

TELEGRAPHY.

A young man or woman who desires to become a Telegraph operator, may hear of an unusual opportunity to learn by addressing W. W. DUNLAP, 606 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23 24 4t

FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

A WILD ANARCHIST.

His Unsuccessful Effort to Murder H. C. Frick.

IS SORRY HE DIDN'T SUCCEED.

He Fired Two Shots at the Great Manufacturer and Stabbed Him Twice—A Soldier's Harsh Punishment for Applauding the Act—An Anarchist Plot Suspected—O'Donnell Out on Bail.

PITTSBURG, July 25. — Henry Clay Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel company, limited, was shot twice and stabbed in his private office Saturday afternoon by Alexander Bergmann, a Russian anarchist from New York. Mr. Frick's chances for recovery are good, unless inflammation should set in, and this is about the only thing the physicians seem to fear. The would be slayer of Mr. Frick had visited the office several times before his desperate attempt, but had been unable to see the manufacturer. Finally, at 1:55 o'clock, Bergmann reappeared in the ante-room. Mr. Frick was then in his private office overlooking Fifth avenue and directly off the ante-room. He was sitting at a table in the middle of the room and on the opposite side of the table was Vice Chairman Leishman. The two were in earnest conversation over the Homestead matter. Both were sitting with their sides to the swinging open work door leading into the ante-room.

As Bergmann entered the ante-room he pulled a pistol from his pocket and walked toward the door leading into the private office, where Frick and Leishman were in conference. The office boy,

H. C. FRICK.

who was the only person in the ante-room, ran toward Bergmann to prevent him from going into Mr. Frick's office. Bergemann swung back the light door, stepped quickly on the threshold, and, raising his arm, fired at Mr. Frick before the latter knew what was coming.

The first bullet entered the left side of the neck, near the base of the skull, passed down along under the skin, and out between the shoulders.

At the sound of the pistol Mr. Frick and Mr. Leishman started up, and the former wheeled around to face their murderous visitor. At that instant Bergmann fired again, the second shot entering Mr. Frick's neck on the right side near the base of the skull and passing out on the opposite side of the neck.

Although dazed and bleeding profusely from the wounds in his neck and on his back, Mr. Frick arose, and he and Vice Chairman Leishman both started for the would be assassin. At the same time Bergmann fired again, but the cartridge missed fire. Leishman reached him first, and engaged in a hand to hand struggle with him, during which the crank tried to shoot him, but failed. Mr. Frick tried to separate the two, and in the desperate struggle that ensued all three were forced past the desk and over near the bay window of the room overlooking Smithfield street.

At this point Bergmann wrenched one arm free, drew from the inner pocket of his coat a long knife or dirk made out of an old file and stabbed Mr. Frick twice, both times on the right side, one wound being at the border of the lower ribs and the other just below the hip bone.

The noise of the shots brought a number of clerks of the Carnegie company on a run from the rooms leading back from the ante-room, and several of them jumped on the crank as he turned to flee and bore him to the floor. In one of the offices was Deputy Sheriff May, who was waiting to receive a pass to the Homestead mill. He rushed in and, seeing that the crank was struggling to get free, put a pistol to his head and was about to shoot, when Mr. Frick, who had walked to the door of the ante-room in order to get a good look at his assailant, raised his hand and said: "Don't shoot him; let the law take its course."

Bergmann was at once arrested and taken to a cell in the Central station. A dispatch from New York describes him as an anarchist of the most violent type. He came to New York from Russia less than six years ago. He is said to belong to an eminently respectable family in Russia, studied in one of the higher colleges, from which he was expelled for seditious utterances, and is quite well educated. He is 26 years old.

Bergmann says he came from New York with the intention of killing Frick because the latter is an enemy of labor. He asserts that no one knew of his intention but himself.

PITTSBURG, July 26.—Hugh O'Donnell was admitted to bail yesterday in the sum of $10,000. From the fact that it was a foregone conclusion no demonstration was attempted. Hugh Ross, Martin Fay and Peter Allen, three other defendants in the Homestead murder cases, were also released on bail with O'Donnell.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 26.—An indirect result of the shooting of Mr. Frick gave Homestead its one existing topic today. It was the case of W. L. Iams, private of Company K, Tenth regiment, who was strung up by his thumbs, had one side of his head and half his mustache shaved and was drummed out of camp because he applauded the act of Bergmann. The Iams case threatens to become national. Homestead people talk of nothing else. Letters and telegrams denouncing the treatment of the young man have been received in Homestead, in Pittsburg and by the governor of Pennsylvania. One of the protests to Governor Pattison was from the Washington correspondents for the removal of Lieutenant Colonel Streator, who ordered the punishment of Iams.

Young Iams threatens to bring suit against Colonel Streator and Major General Snowden. It has caused much feeling in the national guard, particularly among the rank and file.

Iams said he did not like Frick, but that he would have retracted what he said had he been asked to do so in a gentlemanly manner. "I am an American citizen," said he, "and propose to take civil action to have this outrage righted. Nearly all the men and many of the officers sympathize with me. While I was in the guard house some of the officers sent me beer and lunch. The boys of my own company sent some beer and an offer of financial assistance in prosecuting Streator." The most interesting question in the case is whether corporal punishment may be inflicted on a soldier in a military camp under any circumstances, even when martial law is in force, and whether a sentence such as that passed on Iams could be legally executed without the formalities of a court trial, for it is certain that if a court martial was held it was not regular, for Iams was not brought before it and had no chance to make a defense.

PITTSBURG, July 27.—Carl Knold, who is under arrest charged with complicity in the Frick assault, reiterates his statement that he knew nothing of Bergmann's intentions. He acknowledges that he is an anarchist, and says it was quite natural that Bergmann should come to board with him. Yesterday five police officers arrested in Allegheny Henry Bauer, the head center of the anarchists in this region. Chief of Public Safety Murphy, of Allegheny, says a warrant is out for the arrest of Herr Most.

The attempt to murder Mr. Frick was, it is now generally believed, the result of a well planned, deliberately executed scheme of anarchists to settle a wage war by the realization of their scheme to punish capitalists by death for their differences with labor.

Whether Johann Most will be landed in prison for complicity in the ferocious onslaught on Mr. Frick remains to be seen. At this moment there is much to indicate that he must have known such a crime was being planned.

Anarchy has not made such a desperate attempt to popularize itself since the Haymarket riots in Chicago. Since that time the anarchists have become convinced that they can't fight the American government face to face, army to army. In this last effort to make themselves a power there is every reason to believe that they deliberately doomed one of their number to almost certain destruction in order that he might kill that capitalist now most prominent in the eyes of the American people.

Officials of the Carnegie company claim that between five and six hundred men, many of them skilled men, are now at work in Homestead mills, and that the plates being rolled are of the finest character. They have, they say, over 1,000 applications on file and new men will be sent up from day to day until the mill is fully manned.

The report from Mr. Frick's residence is very encouraging. Although suffering some pain he has rested comparatively easy, and the progress of the wounds towards healing is eminently satisfactory to the surgeons in attendance. The sick chamber has been fitted up with elaborate electrical mechanism and can be kept at a cool and even temperature.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 27.—Chief of Police Layton, of this place, arrested F. Mollick, who is alleged to be an anarchist, for complicity in the attempt to assassinate Manager Frick, of the Carnegie company, at Pittsburg. Before making the arrest Chief Layton made an investigation which convinced him that Mollick was the man wanted at Pittsburg. The chief learned that Mollick was an intimate friend of Bergmann, and that he recently sent $6 by express from Long Branch to Alexander Bergmann, at Pittsburg.

NEW YORK, July 27.—The police of this city, at the request of the Pittsburg police department, are trying to locate Miss Emma Goldman, a member of Group No. 1 of the Anarchist society, who is supposed to know all about the American career of Bergmann, the would be slayer of Chairman Frick. It is believed that Miss Goldman furnished the money which neatly clothed Bergmann on the day of the shooting, paid the way to Pittsburg and furnished the cash to buy the pistol and knife used in the nearly fatal affray. Miss Goldman has suddenly disappeared. No trace can be had of her at any of her accustomed haunts. She first met Bergmann in Russia, it is said, about twelve years ago. They traveled about Russia and suddenly separated from each other, only to meet later by accident in a remote part of Russia, and soon afterward they came to this country together. Five years ago Miss Goldman was in New Haven with Bergmann, where she gave several lectures. At the last May day celebration of the Central Labor union she made herself conspicuous by addressing the meeting from a truck, as though the gathering were one of anarchists. The police had to interfere.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 27.—Interest in the progress of affairs at the Carnegie works, and in fact in every other matter connected with the Homestead troubles, has been subordinated by the Iams case. Little notice is taken by the strikers of the smoke and steam issuing from the big stacks of the mill which they found so interesting a few days ago. Scouts of the Amalgamated Association have not relaxed their vigilance, however, and yesterday one of them brought before the advisory committee a non-union man who had just left the mills.

He said his name was Henry Stocker, of Philadelphia, and he had been engaged as a blacksmith at an employment agency in his own city. He was not told where he was to be sent, and on Friday morning he was landed in the Homestead works. Stocker says that about 400 men are inside the works, but no active work is being done. He claims that many men in the works would like to leave, but that the company refuses them passes to go outside the fence, and makes them believe that an infuriated mob is waiting to assault them if they enter Homestead. Many of the men, he says, are Russian Hebrews. Stocker says he obtained his release on sick leave. He reports that the men are treated well, but are not allowed to read newspapers.

HOMESTEAD, July 27.—The departure of the Eighth and Fourteenth regiments yesterday seem to indicate that it is the policy to slowly withdraw the troops from Homestead, leaving a sufficient number on hand to cope with any difficulty that may arise.

Justice Shiras Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—The nomination of George Shiras, Jr., of Pennsylvania, as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, was confirmed in executive session of the senate by a unanimous vote.

FIFTEEN ARE DEAD

As the Result of a Mine Explosion at Pottsville.

ELEVEN WIDOWS, MANY ORPHANS.

The Men Were All Working with Safety Lamps, and How the Accident Occurred Is a Mystery—Delving for Two Bodies Beneath the Debris.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 25.—As a result of a frightful explosion of gas at York colliery fifteen of the victims are lying dead and one is lying at the point of death at his home. Of the dead two are still in the mine covered with debris. Prominent foreign and local mine officers are superintending the removal of the debris in order to recover the bodies of all the unfortunate men and at the same time instituted a thorough investigation as to the cause of the explosion. Concisely stated this is given out as having been caused by gas liberated by a blast in the second lift rushing through the air way to the first lift, where it was ignited. There is no criminal carelessness on the part of any of the employes or officials. The men were all working with safety lamps, and how the gas caught fire it will never be told. The colliery has been visited by thousands of people, and the scenes about the colliery and the homes of the victims are beyond description. The work of recovering the bodies of the two still covered by the debris is being vigorously prosecuted. While there is a great fall of material, no especial damage has been done to the interior workings of the mine. The colliery will be in full operation by the middle of the week. The killed are:

Thomas Jones, Minersville, aged 35 years, leaves a wife and several children; Herman Werner, St. Clair, 45, wife and large family; Anthony Putlavich, 30, laborer, wife and child; George Kreiss, Middle Creek, 21, laborer, single; William Jones, Minersville, 17, door boy; William Weyman, Minersville, 31, miner, wife and three children; Anthony Stock, Yorkville, 16, laborer; Edward Curran, Mt. Laffee, 35, miner, wife and three children; Henry S. Madara, Pottsville, 31, wife and five children; Thomas F. Landers, Pottsville, 27, laborers, wife and one child; Robert W. Allatt, Pottsville, 42, miner, wife and eight children; Charles D. Allatt, Pottsville, 17, laborer; John Harrison, Wadesville, 30, fire boss, wife and three children; James Hartzell, Llewellyn, 30, mine carpenter, wife and child; Christian Harnicker, St. Clair, 33, married; George Stock, recently married, 22, still living, but no hopes of recovery.

EXPLOSION IN A SEWER.

It Wrecks Railroad Cars and a Distillery and Buries Six Persons.

ST. LOUIS, July 27.—An explosion of coal oil gas occurred in the Mill Creek sewer last evening, tearing up Chouteau avenue from the levee to Broadway. The explosion was caused by the sewer filling with the coal oil which escaped during the buring of the Waters-Pierce plant last Friday. The generating gas caught fire on account of the intense heat, and the explosion followed. The sewer caps, weighing 900 pounds, were blown off at the street intersections as far west as Fourteenth street. The gas ignited the alcoholic gases in Furch's Whiskey Distilling Company.

On Chouteau avenue the tracks of the Iron Mountain road, several freight trains and passenger coaches were blown to pieces. Furch's distillery was the building most affected by the explosion. The first and second floors fell, carrying the workmen to the cellars.

Three persons were killed, three seriously injured and three men are missing as the result of the explosion. The list is as follows:

Dead—Carl Furchs, wholesale liquor dealer; Charles Miller, bartender; Mrs. Tempe. Injured—Two children of Mrs. Tempe, seriously; R. J. Trunstall, fatally. Missing—Three unknown men who were in Furchs' place.

Hundreds of Homes Destroyed.

BAY CITY, Mich., July 26.—Yesterday afternoon fire broke out in the lumber manufacturing establishment of Miller & Turner, on the west side of Water street, at the foot of Twenty-ninth street, and burned for ten hours. Before the fire was controlled a thousand houses had been leveled. Most of the buildings destroyed were the dwellings of poor people. Many rumors are afloat as to the number of persons who have perished, but so far as known only one fatality is positively known. A woman was sick in one of the houses and perished before help could reach her. The loss will be upwards of a million.

W. H. Vanderbilt's Yacht Sunk.

BOSTON, July 25.—The steamer H. F. Dimock, of the Metropolitan Steamship company, arrived her from New York last night having on board the occupants of W. K. Vanderbilt's yacht Alva, which the steamer run down yesterday morning. The yacht sunk almost immediately after the collision occurred. So hurriedly were the occupants of the ill fated craft obliged to leave that they were all, with the exception of the watch on deck, clad in nothing but their night clothes, and lost everything in the way of valuables. None of the passengers had a shoe or stocking on when landed on the Dimock.

Our Growing Navy.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27.—The launching of the cruiser Columbia at Cramps' yard yesterday was a success in every respect. The Washington party arrived shortly before the time fixed for the launch, and was immediately taken in charge by President Charles H. Cramp and others of the company. In the special train there were Secretary of the Navy Tracy, Vice President Morton, Mrs. Morton, the Misses Morton, Senator Hiscock, Assistant Secretary of State Grinnell and nearly all chiefs of bureaus. Miss Morton, daughter of the vice president, christened the vessel. Her guaranteed speed is twenty-two miles an hour.

Eleven Heat Deaths in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, July 27.—Eleven deaths attributable to the heat and twenty-six cases of prostration have so far been reported. The greater portion of the street laborers suspended operations, being unable to endure the intense rays of the sun. Starting in at 87 at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, the thermometer gently promoted the thermometer to 100 until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour 120 was registered to the gill. The figure at 9 o'clock last night was 96.

THE HUNTER'S HOUSE.

This house is haunted: yes, indeed it is!
But not by ghosts in trailing robes of white,
With waving arms and icy touch and kiss,
Who always choose the witching hour of night
To wander up and down the level floors,
And some unhappy wight's warm blood to freeze;
Then pass from vision, flitting through closed doors;
My ghosts, alas! are not such ghosts as these.

No, they are visions, visions of the past,
Of dear ones who have entered into rest;
They come and go, their forms no shadows cast,
I would embrace them; but my arms have pressed
The empty air. Ah, me, the dear home life!
It all comes back around me as I gaze;
And then once more begins the bitter strife,
I live once more my long and lonely days.

Come, friends, with me and pass the old house by;
Let us go in! there's naught to do us ill.
Did you not hear a murmur like a sigh?
Ah, look! the empty rooms begin to fill!
I see a loved one's face, so mild and kind,
Smiling, midst heavenly lights around it thrown.
Do you not see it? Oh, your eyes are blind.
They should be led, like mine, by love alone!

The same old chairs stands where they used to stand,
The curtains in the soft breeze rise and fall,
The same old clock points with a warning hand
To passing hours that never seem to pall
While forms of loved ones gone but ever dear
With all their old-time actions pass me by.
Father and mother, yes, they both are here,
And there is one whose face I know: 'tis I!

Ah, fade not yet, dear visions of the past!
Stay but a little while in each old place!
My blest and dear! Too long ye cannot last
While love for me lights up each spirit face
Come let us go; the night is falling fast;
The visions and the day alike are flown.
I turn me back from that dear, love-lit past
To face whate'er the future holds, alone!

Nay, friend, seek not to shake my firm belief
That dear ones wait me up at Heaven's gate
And in their arms I shall find full relief
For all my weary days and desolate.
I am not wrong in this: I surely deem
That Haven will hold the sweetness of the past,
And a home life, to which this earth's shall seem
But poor and barren, shall be mine at last:
—Mable P. Smith, in Galveston NEWS.

AUT ON THE SHOE.

Have you heard that old saw of the Persians
That saying both witty and true?
The whole world is covered with leather
To him who is shod with a shoe,"
Fine calfskin, or kid, or morrocco,
Great cavalry boots armed with steel.
The daintiest, jauntiest slippers,
Coarse brogues tumbled down at the heel
What matter the differing fashions?
The richest and poorest of you
Will find the whole world clad in leather
As soon as you put on your shoe!
Before, it was old and uneaven,
Rough pebbles and sharp bits of glass;
Now, presto! a smooth and warm pavement
Wherever it pleased you to pass.

But ah! there's a maid—have you seen her?
A little maid cherry and sweet,
Who daintily trips, yet I see not
What leather she wears on her feet;
For I know by her sunny eyes' sparkle,
And by the calm curve of her mouth,
And by the kind grace of her manners,
Like warm breezes fresh from the South,
Know that wherever her foot falls
On loving task spending or sent—
The cobbler may laugh but I care not—
She is shod with the shoe of content!

And little maid Cinderella
Might claim your shoe for her own,
But borrowing's out of the question
For me, with my sevens "outgrown,"
Just whisper the secret I pray thee,
Come, what is the shop and the street.
And where is the cobbler who fashions
Such beautiful gear for the feet?
I'll go and I'll offer a treasure,
Will make his big spectacles shine.
If only two shoes—somewhat larger—
Like your little shoes, can be mine.

And when I will pon them and leaping
Off over the world will I go,
Off over my frets and my worries.
Off over my aches and my woe.
And loudly to all limping grumblers
My shoemaker cheer shall be sent:
"The whole world is covered with gladness
To him who is shod with content?
—*The Congregationalist.*

NAMES OF REPUBLICAN SUGESTED FOR COUNTY OFFICES.

Below we give some of the names we have heard suggested for the various county offices and ask our friends to suggest others.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

John F. Harter, of Millheim; J. F. Lever, of Stormstown; Andrew Gregg, of Centre Hall; A. A. Dale, of Bellefonte; E. I. Walker, of Boggs Township, Thomas Way, of Port Matilda

FOR PROTHONOTARY

Cyrus Gosz, of Centre Hall; W. E. Tyson, of Philipsburg; Andrew Lytle, of State College.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

John Kline, of Bellefonte.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE

Henry Stevens, of Loveville; P. B. Waddle, of Buffalo Run; David Harshberger, of Hublersburg; A. B. Rishel, of Oak Hall.

DEAD SEA FRUITS.

They slay multitudes when they are the product of neglect or incipient disease. A slight cold, a fit of indigestion, billiousness or constipation each or any of these minor "diseases" advance in many cases with league-destroying strides. Give them a swift, early defeat with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert the danger. Abernethy administered an alarming rebuke to the man who informed him that he had "only a cold." "Only a cold," repeated the doctor. "What would ye have—the plague?" Rheumatism and la grippe are easily extinguishable at the start. Why then alloy them to get up a full head of steam. Put on the brakes with the Bitters. The genial warmth which this superb medicine diffuses through the system the impetus it gives to the circulation of the blood, its soothening and strengthening effect upon the nervous, specially recommend it to the enfeebled and sick. 'Tis the great specific for malaria.

DIED—At Millheim, Saturday, July 23, Mrs. Mary T. Reifsnyder, aged 55 years. A husband and two children survive her. The funeral took place Wednesday morning at half past nine o'clock. Mrs. Reifsnyder was a member of the church, an earnest christain lady. She will be much missed.

Go to the Eureka Grocery store next door to Post Office High St Bellefonte for your groceries you will find George Marshall there as big as life and as handsom as ever. He is as polite as a basket of chips He will sell you goods right.

The Loyal Temperance Legion of Port Matilda Held a picnic on Saturday July 16 in William Beckwiths grove the Methodist also joined in the amusements of the occasion. They all had a very pleasant time.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

BASE BALL.

We publish the following table to show our readers how Bellefonte stands in the Monntain League contest. It will be seen that our club has gone up a point.

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Philipsburg	7	2	.778
Tyrone	7	6	.539
Bellefonte	7	6	.539
Houtzdale	4	5	.444
Clearfield	2	8	.200

—If you want to get a nice cool drink of soda water with fine syrup or a milk shake, or any of the elegant drinks of these Modern times, go to Frank Green's Drug Store in Bush House block. He has them and he serves them in fine style and only five cents a drink.

Mr. Joseph W. Fury, has returned from Lemont, and is circulating among his friends here again.

—A Milk Shake at F. P. Green's drug store, in Bush House block, costs you but five cents. It is one of the most refreshing drinks you can take these hot days. Try one.

—Ice cool soda at F. P. Green's drug store, High street, Bellefonte, just opposite the REPUBLICAN Office. A refreshing drink Have a straw in it if you want, all the same. Only five cents a glass.

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7.80
do prime and extra prime	8 00
do choice	8.40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " " "	15.00

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Provision Markets.
Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	35
New Potatoes, per bushel	1 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES
OF
Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

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NORA'S LOVERS.

"People who talk so much about their talents being wasted very seldom have many to waste," says Nora, her rosy lip curling disdainfully.

It is June; the hedges are gay with pink roses and sweet with the perfume of cream-colored honeysuckle. Slowly the girl walks through the mingling clover, tall buttercups, and long grass, dropping sarcasms over her shoulder to her companion, who is compelled by the narrowness of the path to follow behind. His long pale face is framed in fair hair, which falls over his shoulders from under a large hat that wants only ostrich plumes to be a veritable Gainsborough. He has large dreamy eyes, and his face is as smooth as the white hands which hold an open beautifully-bound volume with æsthetic liberality of margin.

Nora's tart remark is followed by a silence which continues until the poet clears his throat and rustles a leaf; then she halts.

"I do hope," she says emphatically, "that you are not going to read any more of that!"

"Any more of that?" he questions, with ominous calm. "That what?"

Nora shrugs her shoulders and pulls a buttercup.

"We have had our last quarrel," she declares, holding the yellow petals against her hand.

"I hope so, I am sure," says he; "mine is a nature that needs repose and calm."

"It is a nature wholly unsuited to mine—of that I am sure! We are entirely unsuited for each other. I like a man to be manly, and I could not be content with the prospect of having to spend my life in watching you write Swinburne-and-water verses and hearing you read them!"

"But," says the poet, raising his brows, "I cannot live without you!"

"Well, I couldn't live with you; so there we are, Mr. Scrope."

"Your aunt wishes it," he urges, in the same low even tone.

"She is not the person most concerned. No; as I have already told you, if I ever marry at all, you are not the man, or like the man. Why can't you leave me alone? Why do you go on persecuting me?"

The poet folds his arms and looks at the lovely indignant little face.

"Do not be rash; you will find few men as generous as I."

Nora with laughter in her eyes, turns to look at him; but the peculiarity of his expression checks her mockery. This time he has not spoken in overweening vanity, but with mysterious meaning. Under her steady gaze of surprise a faint tinge of color spreads over his face.

"I should like to know exactly what you mean," she says very quietly, but with a danger-signal in each blue eye "will you be good enough to explain yourself?"

Scrope does not reply; he seems extremely uncomfortable, and forces a feeble smile. Nora, uncompromising, angry, faces him still.

"I am neither old nor ugly," she says; "my parents were poor, but honest and well-born; I am not penniless, thanks to my godmother. Pray where does your generosity come in?"

Mr. Scrope gazes blankly into the distance and murmurs that he did not mean anything.

"So like you!" says Nora, with a toss of the head; and without another word she resumes her walk through the field to the low green gate of a lawn by the side of a delightful old house with many windows overlooking a sweet confusion of fragrant flowers and shrubs.

At a window facing the green gate stands a benign matron, supported on either side by a comely, healthy, vigorous son.

"They come in one after the other," says Tom, the elder boy, as Nora and the poet approach. "Shall I never cease to wish that that man would cut his hair.

"He may do as he pleases," says Fred, "if he will leave off dangling after Nora."

"What is your objection to him?" the mother asks politely.

"Oh, I want Nora to marry a man, not a feeble imitation of one—though indeed I don't want her to marry at all!"

Nora has only the very faintest recollection of her dead parents. She has lived with her aunt so long that she does not remember any other home; and ever since she came she has been the pet and playmate of the boys—for they have no sisters, and Nora has always been a bewitching little maid.

"Auntie" has resided in this quiet little village during the last few years—she finds it suits both her health and her finances better than town; and a few months ago Mr. Horace Scrope, poet—introduced by the Rector, a warm friend of the family—falling in love with Nora, sought and obtained from her only guardian permission to woo and win. He has quite misinterpreted Nora's natural kindness and the patience with which she has listened to his poetical "unities of the utter and the intense," and attributes her refusal of him to maiden shyness, girlish perversity—to anything indeed but the real cause.

As they cross the lawn, Mr. Scrope sees the faces of his natural enemies, the boys, who have parodied his poems and caricatured his face and figure in an infinite variety of ways.

"I will enter the house only for a brief farewell," he says. "It may be some time before I see you again; I am going to London to-morrow."

The boys are delighted at the news of Scrope's intended departure; but pleasure gives place to regret a few moments later when they learn that he means to return.

Nora says good-bye coolly enough; certain words of Scrope's are rankling in her bosom. Tom is quick to notice her unusual quietness

"'What is it makes you sad?
How many apples have you had?'
She answered, 'Only seven.'
'And are you sure you've had no more,
My little maid?' quoth I;
'Oh, sir, my mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie!'"

he says, with ludicrous imitation of Horace Scrope.

"Tom!" cried his mother, in a tone of rebuke; and he retreats with his brother. Then Nora and her aunt look rather shyly at each other.

"Auntie dear, why did you want me to marry that man?"

"My dear, I thought he was fond of you; I think so still."

Nora meditates, then, repeating the poet's "generous" speech, asks her aunt for an interpretation.

"My dear Nora, what generosity could there be in marrying you?" asks Mrs. Stamer. "Don't think about the ungallant speech. By-the-way, you know Tower Court?" Tower Court is the great house of the neighborhood, which has been closed since the death of the old Baronet a few years ago, when it passed into the hands of a distant relative. "The owner is coming home," Mrs. Stamer continues; "at least he means to take possession. It was only to-day that I learned that the new Baronet was John Charteris."

"Yes?" says Nora, seeming very little interested.

"Why, Nora, surely you remember Jack?"

Nora's eyes suddenly light up; she does indeed remember the big strong merry boy whose romping used to disturb the quiet of auntie's town-house, who brought foreign stamps for Tom and Fred, mended her dolls and auntie's work-box, and taught them all how to make coffee. Could she ever forget the boy for whom she cried so bitterly when he had to go away from England in search of a livelihood, his parents being very poor in those days?

"That is a turn of Fortune's wheel," says Nora.

A week later a tennis-net is stretched across the lawn, and Tom is disporting himself in a comical fashion in opposition to Fred and Nora, when suddenly the rackets are thrown aside and the boys rush down the path to the green gate, on which is leaning a young man whom they have been expecting ever since they heard of his arrival at Tower Court. It is Jack Charteris, looking bigger and stronger than ever, with the honest gray eyes and square brow and merry expression so well remembered by the Stamers.

"The Rector told me where I should find my old friends," he says.

As he glances at Nora, surprise, wonder, and admiration are visible in his eyes, and he utters her name in a tone expressive of all three emotions.

Mrs. Stamer rises from her garden-chair and joins the group. Jack has not changed with the change of fortune, she observes; he is the same blithe happy-hearted fellow she used to like so well.

"We expected you to come in a carriage-and-six," says Tom.

Time flies too quickly for all of them as Jack relates some of his experiences abroad, recalls many incidents which happened in his boyhood, and concludes by planning pleasant days in the future at Tower Court.

"He is a brick," the boys decide—"just what he used to be!"

* * * *

The sun has sunk behind the purple hills, a saffron glow is in the west, the fair moon looks down serenely on the shorn meadows. It is a beautiful tranquil September night. Along the narrow field-path Nora and Jack stroll slowly housewards arm-in-arm.

"My darling," says Jack—and at the words a crimson rose-color overspreads the girl's cheeks—"I have loved you all my life, even when we were little things together! All the time I was away working and slaving, the one hope I had was to win you, to make a home for you."

"But you never wrote to me," she observes.

"Was it not better to come myself, Nora? And until lately I could not have written as I wished."

They are near the green gate now, where a tall thin man is waiting. Nora drops Jack's arm, and the color in her cheeks deepens.

"Mr. Scrope! How you startled me!"

"I have returned," the poet says.

Nora confusedly performs the ceremony of introduction. Then all three go into the house; and Mr. Scrope passed the evening in a dejected attitude, his pale cheek resting on his hand in a manner meant to suggest heart-break.

The next morning Jack is smoking in a quaint brown room at Tower Court, a bachelor-like den with one great window looking out on to the woods, which just now are lovely with autumn foliage. He is dreaming of Nora, as he has done for many a day, when a visitor in a Tennysonian cloak and hat and with waving flaxen locks is shown in.

"Oh, Mr. Scrope, how are you?" says Sir John, after a rather bewildered glance at the æsthetic young man.

"You are surprised to see me," observes the poet, whose face is paler than ever, his lips looking like a thin faint line.

"Well, a little. Won't you sit down? What a jolly evening we had!"

"Sir John, a most painful duty has brought me here, and, before I sit down, I must tell you what I have to tell," Mr. Scrope says mysteriously.

"Duty first, by all means. What is the matter?"

"I understand that you are engaged to Miss Nora Prescott?"

That is so," admits Jack, looking more interested. "What about it?"

"Are you fully aware of her antecedents?"

Jack lays down his cigar and looks steadily at his visitor. His eyes sparkle, and he frowns; but he says nothing, and the poet resumes—

"Do you know that her father was charged with forgery, and, though he was acquitted on account of insufficient evidence, most people believed him guilty?"

"I know that he died protesting his innocence," replies Jack, "and I have always given him the benefit of the doubt. May I ask how you became acquainted with that wretched old story? Miss Prescott herself has never heard it, and, please Heaven, never will!"

"I am only an obscure individual of lowly birth and limited means," says Scrope, "but I loved and still love Nora. When I obtained Mrs. Stamer's permission to seek her niece for my wife, she—as in duty bound—told me the story."

"Why do you think she would treat me less honorably? Why should she place less confidence in me than you?" Jack asks coolly and calmly.

"I could not believe," Scrope declares, "that a man of your wealth and position, bearer of an old name and the last of a proud race, would choose for his wife one on whom the slightest shadow of disgrace rested."

There is silence for a few moments, during which the poet, with arms folded, views his rival, who turns to him at last, and, without the slightest appearance of anger, says—

"I have heard you; now hear me. If you speak of this to any living soul again, I will make you wish you had been born dumb! No one can breathe a word against Nora, my beloved and honored wife that is to be, and that's all I care for; I will not have her pained and wounded and grieved to gratify your spite. You poor pitiful creature, I have known about her father since I was a boy! The door and the window are both open, and you can choose by which to go out!"

The poet vanishes; and the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness sees Jack's fidelity rewarded, and Nora entering on a new and happy life with the best of her lovers.

THE THEFT OF A TRESS.

The rivalry between the two young men was very bitter. Little Billy Stedman, one of the cleverest salesmen in the great retail store of Squareshell, Shields & Co., considered himself every whit the equal of young Ernest Trevor, the rich broker's son, who did not work for a living and wore yellow kid gloves every day of the year, rain or shine. Nevertheless Mr. Trevor was wont to look down somewhat on Billy and would perhaps not have condescended to notice him at all if certain circumstances were not constantly throwing them together.

Miss Millicent Turner, the head saleswoman in the cloak department of Squareshell, Shields & Co.'s, was a singularly beautiful young woman. Tall and shapely, with big brown eyes deeply fringed with heavy lashes, tiny hands and feet and a carriage in which decision and grace were happily blended, she was a very refreshing object to look at on a warm day. Her most remarkable feature, however, was her hair, which was of a rich bronze tint and curled away up on her head like a shining pyramid of silk. When she let it down sometimes for the amusement of the other girls, it fell almost to her knees in a perfumed torrent that excited both admiration and envy on every side.

Miss Millicent had many admirers and among them were numbered both Billy and Trevor. The latter had accompanied his mother one day when she had come to look at some cloaks. He was smitten at once. Notwithstanding his superior station in society, the young man's conduct had been propriety itself. There was no suggestion of frivolity or impudence about it. He had sought an introduction in a perfectly legitimate way and from almost the first day he made her acquaintance had been her devoted slave.

Billy owed his acquaintance with the charmer to the very practical intercourse of dry, every day business. He had improved his opportunities and stood at this time very high in her good graces. They were together a great deal and it was common rumor about the store that they had decided to make a match of it.

The beautiful saleswoman was to a certain degree impartial in her treatment of her two adorers. True, she was more with Billy than with his rival, and their intercourse was naturally more familiar. It would have been very hard for an outsider to pick out the winner. Both had made declaration of love to her and besought her to put them out of their misery. To Billy, who had looked very handsome with his curly brown hair and pathetic blue eyes as he knelt on the damp grass at Lincoln Park to make his avowal, she had said that they were both too poor to marry; to Trevor, who had pleaded with all the impetuosity of a pampered boy of 20, she had said very prettily that she could not think of entering a family where she was sure her present occupation and position in society would prevent her receiving a welcome. Both young men, however, despite these refusals, continued to call on her. Neither of them knew that the other had proposed and been rejected—a fact which was in itself a high tribute to the fair one's good sense—and though they generally happened to strike separate evenings for their visits, they occasionally met in the tastefully decorated little parlor. At such times they would exchange monosyllable remarks, or glare at each other like prize-fighters, until their pretty hostess, in sheer desperation and dread of bloodshed, would turn them both out at once.

But there came an eventful day when all the fates seemed to play directly into Billy's hands. The employes of Squareshell, Shields & Co. had a picnic at a pretty grove a couple of hours ride from town. There was a broad, swift river, and a boat in which Miss Millicent sat with an angular floorwalker, went shooting over a high dam and upset. The angular floorwalker turned his attention to saving himself and Billy, who by a special dispensation of his lucky star, happened to be standing on the brink at that point, plunged in like the plucky fellow he was and fished out his dripping charmer. She was forced to take her wonderful hair down, to let it dry in the breeze, and an hour or two later, when the dusk had fallen, Billy wrapped the soft tresses all about his throat and face to give him courage, and made another appeal. Of course it was successful; Miss Millicent would not have been a woman otherwise.

"Dear Billy," murmured she, stroking his cheek (that was no less innocent of down than her own) with her soft hand, "I always loved you the best any anyway. You saved my life to-day, too"—Billy blushed in the darkness; he had not told her that he had walked ashore with her in his arms, the water being only up to his shoulders—"and I think we can be happy together, you and I, Billy."

Somehow or other Billy found a passage to her mouth through the billows of flowing hair, and the compact was sealed between them in the old immortal way.

Very naturally young Mr. Ernest Trevor was perturbed when he heard the news. Indeed, that is putting it too mildly. To tell the truth he exhibited an inclination to go partially insane. He wrote Miss Millicent letters. He sought interviews with her, in the course of which he would alternate avowals of his hopeless passion with threats against the curly-haired and triumphant Billy's life. More than this, he enlisted the aid of his parents in his behalf. The latter were not indifferent to their son's welfare—often the case with fathers and mothers—and when the desperate youth swore by all the gods and little fishes at once that he would slay himself unless he could marry this girl, they, knowing that he had a habit of keeping his word, became alarmed. All expostulations proving unavailing they reached the conclusion that he must have his way. They visited Miss Millicent. The mother became satisfied that she would make any man a good wife, and from that moment she petted and caressed her as though she had been her own daughter. She made her presents, took her for carriage drives, to plays and everywhere else and lost no opportunity of pleading the cause of her headstrong boy as only a mother can.

Billy objected most decidedly to these goings on and he told Millicent so. She was not inclined to be unfaithful, but liked her own way and said she would have it. A week or so of unpleasantness followed and then there came an open quarrel. Billy put his foot squarely down. The reception of Mrs. Trevor's attention must cease; so must the visits to her house. Otherwise the engagement must end.

Miss Millicent drew herself up proudly, though she grew as pale as a lily, and professed indifference.

Billy jammed his hat down over his eyes and left the house.

Then came the inevitable sequence. Miss Millicent had left the establishment of Squareshell, Shields & Co. shortly after the announcement of her engagement to Billy. It was at least three months after that that Billy read in the "Back Door Chat" column of the *Society Gabbler* the announcement of her approaching marriage to young Trevor.

He bore his agony in much the same fashion that other young men do—smoked fifteen cigars a day instead of six and changed his poker game from a penny ante to $2 limit.

There came a calm quiet evening when he felt more than usually sentimental. It lacked only a few days of the wedding. The air was soft and balmy. The moon shone with chaste splendor. He thought he would stroll past the old familiar house, just for the sake of memories.

He was unconsciously whistling Tosti's "Good-bye," as he walked slowly past the porch where he had set with his Millicent so few, so very few nights ago. He started back in amazement as he came opposite to the little wicket gate. A tall, white-robed figure stood in the shadows just out of the searching rays of the moon.

"Millicent," he gasped.

A white hand rose in the shadow and as quickly fell. In an instant he was at her side.

"Oh, go away, go away," murmured the girl, "you must not stay here an instant. How wicked of you! Billy, please, dear Billy, go away. What would people say of me if they saw you here?"

Billy pulled out his watch and looked at it. It pointed to 11. "I suppose the prospective bridegroom has just gone," said he.

"Yes, yes," was the agitated response.

"Oh, please go away."

Billy drew a step nearer and took her hand. "Not until you have sworn that you love him better than you do me," he declared firmly.

The tears came into her big eyes and in all her life she had never looked so handsome and helpless. "Billy," she said brokenly, while a sort of recklessness seemed to shine out of her face. "Oh, Billy," breaking into a wail—"why were you so hasty and ill-tempered? Ah, you know so well"—she stopped and covered her face with her hands. Her eyes were raining tears now.

The boy made a movement as though to clasp her in his arms. "No" she cried, starting back, "I am not so base as that. I will not be doubly false. He, at least, believes in me. Billy, dear, for God's sake, go, and believe me when I swear that I shall go to my grave loving you!"

The moon smirked down on poor Billy, as with desperation in his pale face he knelt on the dewy sod and begged her by all that was dear in life, by all that was sweet, and holy to fly with him. He would see to her safety till morning, he said, and then, hey for Milwaukee and a Gretna Green romance, with all the regulation trimmings.

The weeping maiden was obdurate. To her infinite credit be it said, she vowed that nothing could induce her to betray the absent one. She loved the despairing youth at her feet, but—he must go.

Billy arose with a strange, unnatural light in his eyes as though struck with a sudden hope. "One last embrace, then," he gasped with apparent resignation.

She wavered an instant and then yielded. The delicate form, delicious to the eye in its robe of fleecy white and the wonderful hair engulphing it like a cloud, swayed toward him. Their lips met.

Blush, blush, ye gods for man's duplicity. The youth had about him the scissors with which for years he had sliced off yards of flannel for the patrons of Messrs. Squareshell, Shields & Co. Even as his left arm encircled the drooping figure his right hand stole to his waistcoat pocket; the gleaming blades of steel were raised aloft. In an instant there had been severed from a queenly head a great, bulky lock of hair—as much as a man might hold in one of his hands—a tress as thick as a man-of-war's cable.

The youth sprang back with his silken trophy dangling in his hand.

"What, oh what have you done?" almost shrieked the maid, with her hands to her head.

"Listen," commanded Billy, in a cold, confident tone. "You dare not face your betrothed with that shorn head and you know it. It was a mean trick, I know, but it was a case of life and death. Milly, I will wait for you at my rooms—you know where they are—and to-morrow we will be married. I know you'll be there."

Billy's confidence was not misplaced. His rooms were just round the corner. He waited on the front steps for her and in an hour she came. What else could she have done? There was no earthly explanation she could have made. They sat in Billy's little den all night, holding each other's hands. At dawn—long before Billy's landlady had an opportunity to be scandalized—they had vanished. And so the daily papers had to record another runaway marriage.

But the many friends of the bride could never understand why she cut all her beautiful hair off short.—*Harold R. Vynne, in Chicago Evening Journal.*

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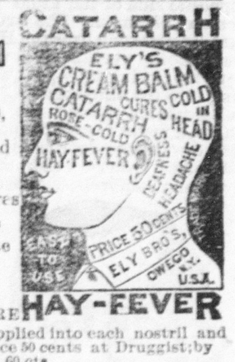

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PERLEY'S PRETTY SISTER.

It was a dull, rainy day towards the end of September—one of those days when earth and sky are grey and dreary, and the rain drops pattering against the window sounded like human sobs. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of 3 in the afternoon, and I was sitting in our little inner office, looking out at the expanse of dull, grey wall that formed my only prospect from the not over clean window, and thinking. I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers.

I was musing about Kitty Elton and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her. Dear little Kittie! she was as sweet and as patient as it was in the nature of a woman to be; but I knew it was a hard life for her in that over-crowded milliner's work-room, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity. She was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of 50, with a dimple in her chin, and the sweetest roses on her cheek. I was no poet, yet I think I understood and appreciated all her womanly beauty as fully as if my heart's thoughts could shape themselves into verse. And it was of them I was thinking when the door opened and Mr. Clenner came in.

Mr. Clenner was our "chief"—a dark, silent, little man, with square stern mouth and clouded grey eyes, which appeared almost expressionless when they were turned full upon you, and yet which seemed to see everything at a glance. He sat down beside me.

"Meredith," he said in a quiet subdued tone that was natural to him, "didn't you say that you were tired of doing nothing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have something for you to do."

"What is it, sir?"

"Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skillfully. I had intended to go myself, but circumstances happened untowardly, and I shall send you instead."

Bending his head toward me and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the special business on which I was to be sent.

There had been, it seems, a series of very skillful forgeries lately committed, with boldness and audacity that fairly seemed to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime; but after much quiet investigation and casting hither and thither, he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Mattison, who had skillfully eluded all pursuit, and was now somewhere in hiding in the north of England. His whereabouts had been ascertained as nearly as possible and it was for me to go quietly up and apprehend him before he should become aware of our knowledge of all his movements.

I sat and listened to all the various details of our plan, as they were sketched out by Mr. Clenner. The reward that had been privately offered was high; my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Elton, nor did the enterprise seem particular difficult to accomplish.

"Do you think you can do it?" Mr. Clenner asked, after the whole thing had been laid out before me.

"Yes, sir. When shall I start?"

"Now, within half an hour."

"So soon?"

"Yes; why not?"

I could think of no sufficient reason, except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior — the longing to see Kitty once more before I started.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said rising. "If I take the night express I shall be there early in the morning."

"Yes, and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, depend upon it, and what you have to do must be done at once."

All through that long night journey I mused upon the task that lay before me. The house to which I was directed was quite in the country, about half a mile beyond the village of Berwood, and was the residence of Mrs. Mattison, the mother of the audacious forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call upon the constabulary authorities at K——; but I expected to need no assistance.

The rosy dawn was just ushering the eastern sky when I alighted, stiff, weary and jaded, from the train.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Mattison's place?" I asked of the sleepy station-master.

"Mattison—Mrs. Mattison; I don't know her, but I can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the village to a wood, with a footpath running through it. Get over the stile, follow the footpath, and in a little while you'll see a yellow house—the last place in the world where you'd expect to see a dwelling. There's where Mrs. Mattison lives."

I thanked my informant and set out at a brisk walk, carrying my traveling-bag in my hand. It was half an hour ere I diverged from the main road, or rather lane. The stile at the end of the footpath through the wood was quickly reached, and the little yellow house—a cream-colored cottage literally overgrown with honeysuckles—presently rewarded my search, and, as I knocked at the door, a clock somewhere struck the hour of 7.

A decent-looking elderly woman, in widow's weeds, came to the door.

"Is Mr. Mattison in—Mr. Perley Mattison?"

"No," she answered quickly, with, as I imagined, rather a confused look.

I did not believe her, and asked quietly, "When do you expect him home?"

"Not at present."

Apparently she expected me to go away, but, instead, I slipped into the passage.

"Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"

And then, for the first time, I became aware that some one had been watching and listening to our colloquy from the head of the stairs—a young girl, dressed like the mother, in deep black, with very brilliant eyes and a profusion of jet black curls.

"Some one to see your brother."

She came half-way down the stairs, pushed back her curls with one hand and looked at me with her wonderful eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Perley is not at home," she said, hurriedly. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently this mother and daughter were in the secret of Mattison's villiany and doing their best to screen him from its consequence. My heart bled for both of them; but it was no time to indulge in sentimental pity. Speaking as briefly as I could, I told them it was my duty to compel them to remain were they were while I searched the house.

Mrs. Mattison sat down pale and trembling. Her daughter colored high.

"Mother," she said, "why do you stand by and listen to such slanders? It is false? Let this man search the house if he will; my brother is as innocent as I am!"

No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however; there was no where any trace of the missing bird. Nevertheless, I resolved to remain there quietly, for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.

The same afternoon Clara Mattison came in as I sat by the window, keeping a silent watch on all round.

"Mr. Meredith," she said, softly, "mother thinks I have been rude to you. She says it was not your fault, personally, that you were sent here on such a mistaken errand—and, perhaps, she is right. I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings."

The pretty, penitent way in which she spoke quite won my heart, and a few questions on my part seemed to unlock the hidden recesses of her confidence.

She talked at first shyly but afterward with more assurance, of herself, her absent brother and her mother, giving me a thousand little family details which I almost dreaded to hear.

This twilight talk was one of the pleasantest episodes of my by no means universally pleasant life, and I was not a little annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the constables from K——, who were to watch through the night.

At the sound of their footsteps, Clara rose up, and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"Oh, Mr. Meredith, those men."

"Be easy, Miss Mattison," I said "you shall in no way be annoyed by them. Your privacy shall not be broken in upon, believe me."

"I know I am silly," faltered Clara, "but oh, it seems so dreadful!"

My orders to the men were simple and succinct. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Mattison. And when I was at length left alone I could not help thinking—God forgive me—how much more winning and graceful she was than poor Kitty Elton.

At last answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner. It was short and to the purpose."

I read the missive with a pang. Clara Mattison's cheek deepened in color as I announced my departure to her.

"You have been far kinder than we dared to hope, Mr. Meredith," she said, as I held her hand in mine.

"You will think of me sometimes, Clara?"

The reader will easily perceive from this how our intimacy had progressed. She smiled, hung her head, and, taking a pair of scissors from the table, severed one bright, black curl from the abundant tresses that hung over her forehead.

"Keep this, Mr. Meredith, in memory of me."

Was I foolish to press the jetty ringlet to my lips ere I laid it closely against my heart? Clara evidently thought I was, for she laughed, but did not seem displeased.

Mr. Clenner appeared to be a good deal annoyed when I got back to town—rather an unreasonable thing on his part, for I certainly did all that man could do under the circumstances.

"We have been mistaken all the way through, it seems," he said biting his lip. "Strange—very strange, I never was mistaken before in my calculations. Well, we must try again."

I went to Kitty Elton's that night. She received me with a sweet, shy sadness of welcome, that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Mattison's dark beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier. When I took my leave there were tears in her eyes,

"Kitty, you are crying."

"Because you are changed, Edward. You do not love me as well as you did."

"Kitty, what nonsense!"

I was vexed with her simply because I knew the accusation was true. But I kissed her once more, and took my leave, moody and dissatisfied.

When I reached the office next morning, Mr. Clenner was not there.

"He has gone to K——," said my fellow detective; "he went last night."

"To K——?"

I was seriously annoyed. Did Mr Clenner doubt the accuracy of my reports? Or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises?

"It's very strange," I mused aloud.

Jones laughed.

"Well," he said, "you know Clenner has a strange way of doing things. Depend upon it, he has good reasons for his conduct."

I was sitting at my desk two days subsequently, when the door glided noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir? And what luck?"

"The best."

"You don't mean to say you've got him?"

"I do mean to say it, Edward Meredith. I knew I could not be entirely mistaken. Perley Mattison is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."

"Where did you apprehend him?"

"At home in his mother's house."

"But"——

"He was there all the time you remained there, Ned, my boy, you've made a blunder for once; but don't let it happen again,"

"What do you mean, sir?"

For reply he opened the door of the private inner room—his own special sanctum. A slight boyish figure leaned against the window, smoking a cigarette, with black curls tossed back from a marble-white brow and brilliant eyes. He mockingly inclined his head as I started at him, with a motion not unfamiliar to me.

"Clara Mattison!"

"Yes," he said, in a soft, sarcastic voice, "Clara Mattison, or Perley Mattison, or whatever you may choose to call me. Many thanks for your politeness, Detective Meredith; and if you would like another lock of hair——"

I turned away, burning scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.

"Never mind, my boy; it will be a lesson to you," he said, laughing. "He made a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."

What a double-dyed fool I had been! I had lost the reward, failed in the estimation of my fellow officers and behaved like a brute to poor Kitty—and all for what?

I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and to my surprise, the dear, faithful, little creature loved me just as well as ever.

"I won't be jealous of Perley Mattison, Edward," she said, smiling whatever I might be of his sister. And, dearest, don't be discouraged. I'll wait as long as you please, and you will be a second Mr. Clenner yet."

She was determined to look on the bright side of things, this little Kitty of mine! But I felt the mortification none the less keenly; although, as Mr. Clenner said, it would undoubtedly prove a lesson to me.

Perley Mattison's girlish beauty is now eclipsed in one of Her Majesty's prison—nor do I pity him. The stake for which he played was high—and he lost.—*Evening World.*

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Among the Moonshiners of North Carolina. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—The first wheat that was sown on this continent, was sown on the island of Isabella, in January 1494, the crop was gathered on March 30.

—Last week Tuesday, the Methodist of Bellefonte, picniced at Hunters Park, a train of seven cars pulled out from Bellefonte station, full of people they had a pleasant day and a pleasant time.

—S. M. Buck had about one thousand dollars worth of patterns in the car shops foundry that was burned on Tuesday, all was destroyed. There was a small insurance of two hundred dollars on this stock

—St. John's Catholic church will hold a picnic at Hunter's Park on Wednesday, August 3. There will be music and amusments to entertain all to whom a cordial invitation is extended. Dinner 50 cents Supper 25 cents. Proceeds to repair School House.

—Lock Haven is to have a street car line of rail road. Mr P. B. Crider, of this town, is one of the directors of the company. Mr Crider says if the city council does the square thing the work will be commenced very soon. He also thinks the value of property along the line will be very much advanced and the building of the road the commencment of very prosperous times for Lock Haven.

—Last Friday evening, lighting struck a tree on Spring street, near the house of Mrs: Brockerhoff, Mr. John Garbrick, of Coleville, was passing at the time he says the streaks of lighting flashed all around him. The tree was considerably shattered and was an object of curiosity for several days. Some ladies were sitting on Wm. Grauers, house not ten feet from the tree who were much startled by the violent display.

—It is said that the school Directors of Port Matilda, are proposing every method of expending the extra state appropriation except to employ better paid and more efficient instructors. The legislature designed this extra money to be expended for better service not to lower taxes or to be spent in devious and unknown ways and if it is miss appropriated the directors may find that it will be withheld next year.

—Joseph W. Furey, who who formerly local editor of the Bellefonte *Watchman*, but of late years employed upon the Lock Haven *Democrat*, has been quite sick since last January, some weeks ago he came to Bellefonte, from here he visited his sister Mrs. Georgiana Dale, of Lemont, he is slowly improving in health and we hope he may soon become well again. He has many friends in this county where he lived for so many years.

—The Renova News of last week, has this to say about A. M. Mott, one of Bellefonte's most enterprising business men: Mr. A. M. Mott, of Bellefonte, was in town last week, setting up a beautifully carved monument, of Bare granite, over the grave of the late John Duffy, in the Catholic cemetery. The artistic work on the monument is of the highest order. Quite a number of tombstones and monuments in the surrounding cemeteries have been purchased from Mr. Mott's establishment.

—A rainbow tea was held in the Presbyterian chapel last Tuesday evening. It was a complete success, about sixty dollars being made. This money is to go to swell the organ fund. We understand that the fund is now over twelve hundred dollars. When the ladies have raised fifteen hundred dollars some of the rich men of the church have promised to raise the balance. A good church organ is what is wanted and what the good ladies of the church have been working years to get. We congratulate them that success is in sight.

—James Stine, of Bellefonte, has been blind for many years and desiring to make his own way in the world by efforts of his own and not by the charity or bounty of others, has purchased the restaurant lately conducted by William Emenhizer and keeps on hand bread, cakes, candies, etc. He will also furnish meals at all hours. He keeps a nice, clean tidy place where anyone can get a meal clean and well cooked. He deserves patronage and is running his place in a way to deserve it aside from any considerations of sympathy. His place of business is on High street, under the office of Dr. Dobbins. Call and see him.

—We have often been asked within the last two days what we thought of the conduct of the officers who punished private Thomas Iams by tying him up by the thumbs until he was unconscious and otherwise abusing him, as though there could be two opinions about the matter. We say frankly that we think it was a barbarous outrage and Lientanent Colonel Streater, who directly perpetrated the abuse, and Colonel Hawkins and General Snowden who approved the action, deserve the severest censure and if justice was meted out to them they would be court martialed and dismissed in disgrace from the service of a state on which they have by their action brought an everlasting reproach.

DEATH OF EXSHERIFF LINGLE.

Joseph J. Lingle, an Ex-Sheriff of Centre County died at his residence on Spring street, Bellefonte, last Monday evening at 6 oclock. He was 84 years old His death was not the resnlt of any particular disease. The spring of life had worn out and "he laid down to his last sleep calmly as to a nights repose." He was born in Lingletown, Dauphin county, in 1808. He was married on the sixth of August, 1835. to Miss Elizabeth Harvey, of Cedar Run, near Mill Hall; six children were the fruit of this union, Viz.: Harvey who went to the war, was wounded and died: T. G. Lingle, who died at Philipsburg in 1886; Mrs William Montgomery, of this town; W. E. Lingle of Philipsburg; Howard Lingle and Mrs. Ed. Garman, of Bellefonte. In the year 1850 he was elected Sheriff of Centre County and assumed the duties of the position Nov 26 1851. He served one term of three years after that he went to railroad contracting with Ex Geo Curtin, E. M. Blanchard and others. The Tyrone and Clearfield railroad was constructed by them which opened up an extensive new field of wealth in coal. He engaged largely in mining coal for several years. Later he practiced law being located at Osceola and Philipsburg. He made a trip to Germany in the interest of the Spang heirs who had a large fortune left to them. He has lived in Bellefonte for several years. He was a member of the Christian church, having joined that organization in 1833. He was an upright honest gentleman, was universally respected and loved by all. He will be missed by everyone, but perhaps most by his aged wife who has traveled so long a distance with him on life's journey. May God in his mercy strengthen her in this her hour of deep affliction. The funeral took place Wednesday evening at four oclock. A large gathering of citizens and friends gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had so lived as to win universal regard.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE IN CENTRE COUNTY.

John H Auffington and wife to Matilda Wythe, lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration, $500; deed dated January 22, 1890.

Matilda Wythe and others to Catharine Holt, lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration, $500; deed dated April 29, 1892.

W A Ishler, sheriff, to Catharine Holt, lot of ground in philipsburg. Consideration, $1400, deed dated April 29, 1892,

W A Ishler, sheriff, to Catharine Holt, lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration, $1500; deed dated April 29, 1892.

Solomon Confer and wife to John J Martin, lot of ground in Taylor township. Consideration, $500, deed dated July 8, 1892.

John J Martin and wife to Solomon Confer, lot of ground in Boggs township. Consideration, $1400; deed dated July 8, 1892.

John Reed and wife to William E Crust. lot of ground in Benner township. Consideration, $2762.50; deed dated March 28, 1892.

Daniel Rhoads, trustee. to Frank K. Hipple, lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration, $3500; deed dated June 16, 1892.

A O Furst and wife to Frank K. Hipple lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration $1000; deed dated June 29. 1892.

J B Fisher and wife to Daniel R Weaver lot of ground in Gregg township. Consideration, $850; deed dated July 2, 1892.

Austin C. Eckley and other to E S Long lot of ground in Boggs township. Consideration $415; deed dated August 13 1887.

Commonwealth Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company to W B Mills, lot of ground in Milesburg. Consideration, $400; deed dated June 27, 1892.

William Moore to Thomas B Budinger, lot of ground in Snow Shoe. Consideration, $200; deed dated Marce 28, 1892.

Wm E Irvin, assignee, to A V Jones, lot of ground in South Philipsburg. Consideration, $1290; deed dated July 14, 1892.

Wm E Irvin, assignee, to A V Jones, lot of ground in Decatur township, Clearfield county. Consideration, $125; deed dated July 14, 1892.

John P Harris and wife to F. W Crider, lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration, $1400; deed dated April 9. 1887.

F W Crider and wife to Frank K Hipple, lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration, $200; deed dated June 22, 1892.

R L Dartt to Margaret Hill, lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration, $725; deed dated June 22, 1892.

Anthony Dussling and others, executors, to Gabril Fike, lot of ground in Benner township. Consideration, $240; deed dated June 25, 1892.

THEY VISIT HOME.

The soldier boys from Homestead visit home once in awhile. On last Friday evening W. J. Singer came to Bellefonte for a short visit He is a member of Brigadier General Wileys staff He obtained a short leave of absence Col Austin Curtin taking his place while he is away. Commissioner Strohm has also been permited to come home on a visit as has also Major Hunter and on last Tuesday Morning Col. Amos Mullen put in an appearance. Lieutenant Reeder has made several visits home the boys are all well and in good spirits. Company B is camped on the hill which overlooks the town they have their share of partrol duty to perform which they do in a soldierly manner the 5th regiment is winning much praise for its perfection in drill and its careful attention to duty. It is not known when the boys will all come home for it is said that they will be kept there until the trouble is all over,

THAT LOST BOY.

David Butts, Esq., of East Linn street Bellefonte, writes a long letter to the *Gazette* which may be sumed up in a few words, as follows: Sixty years ago there was a furnace at Karthaus which at that time was in full blast. There was a boy who lived near that furnace that was very fond of hunting. His name was McClain Arnold. One day in December he went hunting with a man who was his friend and who he loved well. At night the man returned but the boy came not and that is not the worst of it, he has not returned since and where he went is still a mystery. The man said he parted with him about noon and did not see him afterwards. All the people living around that furnace in full blast went to hunt that boy which was lost but they searched in vain for the boy was not where they looked. They fired off guns, they called his name but he answered not; they wandered up and down the dark ravines, climbed over the rocks, tore their clothes off, startled the night bird from his nest and disturbed the whangdoodle in his quiet retreat, but that is all the good it did. Then the owners of the furnace shut down for a week so everybody could go. They went, they whoped and yelled and fired more guns, tore more clothes, even got all the dogs to bark, crept into every hole and corner even to the deepest recesses of the darkest forest where the whangdoodle mourneth for his first born, but they could not find a toe nail of that boy, nor his gun, nor a thread of his clothes, nor a track in the light snow. Then when they could not find where that boy went they went to theorizing. They just supposed that he had been shot for a wild animal, but he wan't a wild animal he was only a boy; they supposed he was shot for a wild animal and then buried for a boy. Some supposed he was eat up by wolves; and so they supposed all the time, but the boy they did not find. The boy had hid himself away where they could not find him and so the years rolled on after half a century of time had passed by and the people had almost quit supposing what had become of that boy, some Schesis found an old gun barrel and lock, all covered with rust, and supposed that old rusty barrel and lock belonged to the gun that lost boy took with him that last morning when he went to hunt for the last time along the banks of Arnolds Run. But he found no bleeched skule, no bones no nothing else that belonged to that boy, and so the Linn street historian concludes that the whereabouts of that boy will remain a mystery until that great day when all hidden things shall be made manifest, and we suppose his head is level on that point. Don't you?

MARRIED.

Last week Tuesday Frank Graw was married to Miss Laura Peters at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary Peters. of Willow Bank street, about seventy five guests were present. A little after seven oclock in the evening the parlor was crowded with guests. Miss Fannie Twitmire, a cousin of Mr. Graw, played the wedding march. The maids of honor were Miss Ella Twitmire and Miss Tessie Peters. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J A. Woodcock, of Bellefonte. After the ceremony congratulations were showered upon the new made married couple. Many beautiful presents were given to Mr. and Mrs. Graw, an elegant repast was served. The young couple departed on the evening train for Philadelphia which is to be their future home. Mr. Graw was formerly employed at the firm of McCalmont & Co., in this place, but he is now employed in Philadelphia with a large firm as book keeper. He is well known in this county and has many friends who wish him a long, prosperous and happy life.

THE LOGANS PICNIC.

Last week Thuresday, the Logan fire company, held a picnic at Hunters Park there were at least two thousand persons on the ground, an excellent dinner was served in the pavilion for which twenty five cents was charged. At half past one a game of base ball played between the Undine and Logan boys, in which the Undines came out victorious. The Zion band furnished music for the parade in town and for entertainment on the grounds. The Lock Haven orchestra furnished music for the dancing. In the evening the grounds were brilliantly lighted. Everybody that went said they had a good time.

DIED—At Woodward Clearfield Co. Thursday July 21 of Heart failure Rev G. W. Bouse. aged 70 years. Rev G. W. Bouse was a minister of the Methodist church and had been in active service of the church of his choice for forty five years. He is known to many people in this county having lately been over the church at Milesburg while there he celebrated his golden wedding or the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. The remains were brought to Tyrone where two of His sons live His son Harry is in business at Snow Shoe He leaves five sons in all.

MARRIED.

FISHER—FISHER.—At the residence of the officiating Justice, John Craig, Esq., in Julian, July 21, 1892, Mr. W. T. Fisher to Miss Carrie Fisher, all of Union township.

MEETING OF THE EX-COMMITTEE OF THE VETERAN CLUB OF CENTRE COUNTY.

The executive committee of the Veteran, Club of Centre county, met at the office of the President Ex Governor Beaver, last Saturday morning.

H. H. Benner, has been secretary of the club for several years, but last spring he removed to Atlantic City New Jersey, and was therefore not able to attend to the duties, he therefore offered his resignation which was accepted and John C. Miller Esq., was elected to the position. The President, of the club stated that the meeting was to perfect arrangement for the annual picnic, which was to be held this year at Grange Park, Centre Hall, on Friday September 16. A motion was offered to go to Hunters Park, on Bellefante Central railroad, instead of to Centre Hall, but it was not entertained by the President, for the reason that the club at its last meeting had accepted the invitation to go to Centre Hall, and the committee has no power to change it.

George M. Boal Esq., who is a member of the grange and one of its most prominent members, said that the water supply of Grange park, would be much better than it was last year, that there would be tents for the use of the veterans, that music would be furnished that special trains would be arranged for at reduced fares, and that nothing would be left undone to provide every detail that would insure the success of the picnic.

It was voted that the business meeting of the club, be held at 10 o'clock, on the morning of the picnic on the grounds.

In the afternoon there will be speeches, and in the evening a campfire. A committee on invitations, was appointed to consist of W. H. Musser Esq, Dr. T. S. Christ and S. H. Williams Esq. This committee was requested to invite, all G. A. R. Posts and Union Veteran leagues in this and adjoining counties to be present on that day. It is also their intention to invite President Harrison, Ex-President Hayes, Governor Pattison, Ex-Goxernor A. G. Curtin and many other distinguished men.

It is expected to make this annual meeting of the Club, one of the best that has ever been held.

THE NEW RAILROAD.

In relatian to work on the railroad of which the Bellefonte Branch is a part the Lock Haven *Express* of last Thursday says:

The railroad builders who were working in "Colbey's Gap" yesterday, changed their base of operations and last night moved down to Mill Hall, where they began work this morning. In the "Colbey's Gap', a stretch of road about nine hundred yards in length was finely graded, and put in readines for laying the track. The grading was done at a narrow pass in the Gap, not far from Hurd's spring. This morning the Italian laborers were put to work South of Mill Hall, on the east side of the creek. At that point it would be a defficult matter to build two railroads and the men who have charge of the work seem exceedingly anxious to obtain possessions of all such places on the line.

A gentleman from Lamar, who was a caller at this office this morning, states that a few days ago Chief Engineer Brown and a corps of eight surveyors made their appearance in Nittany Valley and started in near Lamar, running lines for the Midland Direct Line from New York to Chicago. The surveyors passed through the Colby Gap into Sugar Valley, where they are now at work. It was the appearance of the Midland men that hurried the commencement of work on the "Sugar Valley' line, and the grading done in Colby Gap is on the route surveyed by the Midland Company's surveyors.

Chief Contractor Higbee has directed the movements of workmen who are under the Superintendence of Charles Gold and a man named Keener

From information received from the officers of the road and from the "bosses' the people of Lamar believe the Sugar Valley road will be considerable railroaded about Mill Hall and vicinity in the near future.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Harry Daughenbaugh to Alice C Price, both of Port Matilda.

George H Hazel, son of J A and Malinda Hazel, of Axe Mann, and Verdilla Slotman, daughter of Robert and Salinda Slotman of Pleasant Gap.

Linn E Kerstetter, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Kerstetter, of Millheim, and Mary Raymond, daughter of David and Alice Raymond, of Poe Mills.

Adam N Neese, son of John and Sarah Neese, of Spring Mills, and Blanch L Korman, daughter of Adam and Amelia Korman, of Spring Mills.

Frank S Graw of Philadelphia, to Mary M Peters, daughter of Mary M Peters, of Bellefonte.

Charles C Smull, son of Simon and Chestie Smull, and, Ellie B Breon, daughter of Elias and Jane Breon, all of Rebersburg.

Charles W Royer, son of John and Harriet Royer, and Hannah Gertrude Musser, daughter of Ilgen and Amanda Musser, all of Millheim.

A HOME CAMPMEETING.

A home camp meeting will be held in the Evangelical church, Bellefonte, Pa., commencing on the evening of the 2d of August and closing on the 9th. On Sunday, the 7th, the church is to be dedicated. Bishop Stanford, of Harrisburg, Pa., will officiate. A goodly number of ministers will be present during the entir week. Any person wishing to tent on the green near the church can get a good tent for $2 during the week, or bring their own tent and put it up free. All are invited to this Gospel feast. For further information, address.

Pastor E. W. KOONTZ,
Bellefonte, Pa.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

The Eureka Grocery, is still the best place in town to buy groceries.

Dick Garman and wife and baby of Philadelphia, are visiting his father at his residence on High street.

Ed Powers, has gone on a visit to New York city, for a few days. His family had preceded him several weeks ago.

Mr. George O. Boal and wife, have been visiting friends in Bellefonte. George has been living in Baltimore for two years past.

Miss Lettie Stover. has gone to visit friends in Hagerstown Md. She went last Thursday, and intends to stay about five weeks

Mr. E. C. Humes, and his son William started last Thursday for Atlantic City. They will take in Bedford Springs before they return.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Maitland of Curtin street, are enjoying a visit from Mrs. W. H. Lukens, and her little daughter of Peoria Illinoise.

Mrs. John Noll, of Bellefonte, and Miss Myrtle Bullock, of Milesburg, have gone to Atlantic city, to spend a few days by the murmuring sea.

Rev. James Haney of State College exchanged with Rev Laurie of the Presbyterian church last Sunday. It is said Rev. Haney preached a very fine Sermon only no one could hear what he said.

Mr. Kitson Supt. of the electric light works, who has been spending a few weeks at his old home in England, is back attending to his duties the same as usual. He made the trip from Liverpool to New York, in five days and five hours.

DIED—At Bellefonte, Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, Miss Mary McBride aged 52 years, 5 months and 13 days.

Miss McBride has been a milliner in Bellefonte for many years and has a large circle of friends. She has been in feeble health for some time but her death at this time was sudden and unexpected. Last fall while out riding with her niece Miss Grace MacBride, they were run into by another team and both ladies thrown out. Miss Mary was brought home in an unconscious condition and for a time her life was thought to be in danger but she slowly got better but never quite well. Last Sunday she was very cheerful so much so as to cause her friends to think that she was much better but on Monday she began to grow worse although those about her did not think death was near. So little danger was there thought to be of her being worse that Miss Anna McBride, a neice who has made her home with Miss Mary, went on a visit to an aunt in Franklin county. On Monday night her condition was so critical that Miss Grace asked her friend, Miss Alice Dorworth, to spend the night with her. In the night Miss Grace attempted to give her medicine but she could not swallow it and she grew worse until 10 o'clock when she became unconscious in which condition she remained until she died. She was the daughter of Mrs. Anna McBride, who died at her daughter's home in May, 1891. She leaves two sisters, Mrs. James Boulton, of Franklin, Pa. and Mrs. John Bartroff, of Washington State. She was a member of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church and was a constant attendant at divine service and an earnest worker in every church enterprise. The funeral will take place from her late residence on the corner of Bishop and Allegheny streets, Bellefonte, to-day (Thursday) at four o'clock p. m.

DIED—At Roopsburg, Saturday July 23, Mott Anderson, aged 58 years 1 month and 11 days. He was a brother of John Anderson, of Bellefonte, a single man and was employed by Brokerhoff Bros, at their Mill, in the morning he went out and hitched up the team and went to the Mill for a load of chop. He had put two bags on the wagon when he began to feel very sick, he was assisted into the office where he died in a few minutes. He was a pleasant gentleman, had many friends he boarded with his sister Mrs. Catharine Haas, who lives near the mill. The funeral was from the catholic church at Bellefonte, on Monday morning at 9 oclock. The funeral cortege left the house at Roopsburg, at half past eight. The pall bearers were Joseph Ceaders, J. H. Sands, Lewis Dall, N. Bauer, William McGuinn, and Al Beezer. Mr. John Anderson, brother of the deceased extends, thanks to all who assisted by their help, the friends in this sad berevement.

STREATER TAKEN TO TASK.

A New York Lawyer Grows Indignant Over the Iams Affair.

NEW YORK, July 25—Charles G. Burgoyne. the law printer, to-day sent the following dispatch to Lieutenant Colonel Streater who is in command of the Tenth regiment at Homestead.

"Lieutenent Colonel Streater, Homestead, Law abiding men who believe that every man is entitled to trial before condemnation and punishment will agree with me that the outrage perpetrated by you endorsed by your superior officers and participaited in by your regimental surgeons, isa crime only parallelled by the crime of a mob. My check for a good round sum is at the disposal of the Pennsylvania lawyer who will undertake to bring you to justice. Believe me, there are many men in this city not only humble citizens like myself, but military men as well, who are willing to loosen their purse strings that such a monumental crime may not go unpunished.

[Signed] "C. G. BURGOYNE."

Mr. Burgoyne, in speaking of the matter said: "The cowardly outrage was perpetrated by Lieutenant Colonel Streater on the young man Thomas Iams because he called for three cheers for the man who shot Mr. Frick. That Streater should order Iams to to be strung up by the thumbs for twenty minutes and then have his head shaved and be drummed out of camp is an outrage of the blackest kind. I have nothing whatever to say about the shooting of Mr. Frick. No man has a right to shoot another except in such cases as the law gives him the right to do so, and at the same time no man, be he soldier or private citizen, has a right to be condemned and punished without a trial."

"Lieutenant Colonel Streater was at the head of a regiment to prevent a mob violating the law. Streater and the officers who countenance the punishment of Iams without a trial acted like a mob themselves. They took the law into their own hands. There is no precedent that I know of for such action. Under all circumstances a court-martial should have been held; and then, no matter what punishment was inflicted it would be after the accused had had a trial. I left my home without break fast, I was so worked up at the outrage. I believe that Lieutenant Colonel Streater should be punished and that he will be, and what I have said I will stick to." Mr. Burgoyne is an American by birth and served with a pennsylvania regiment in the late war.

UNIONVILLE ITEMS.

We are sweltering in some of Irl K Hick's boiling hot weather so the one important effort now of our citizens is to try to keep cool. The Thermometer indicated 91 deg., in the shade, on Monday and 94 deg., on Tuesday.

Nearly all the grain and hay in this locality are housed and some of the oats are nearly ripe.

The corn crop looks promising.

Dr. Kirk's Wife and family, of Bellefonte, spent last Sabbath at W. P. Fisher's residence near here.

Mrs. Nora Underwood is very poorly and it is thought she will not recover.

Mrs. Holt is quite poorly with cancer

Milton Peters has started out with his steam thresher to thresh grain for the farmers.

The citizens near the railroad were pleasantly entertained on Tuesday evening by a mouth organ concert held at the car occupied by the depot painters.

The schools here have been given out to teachers for the winter term. The grammar school to a Mr. Foreman, of Centre Hall, the primary to Miss Ella Fleck. The term to be increased from 6 months to 7 months.

ANOTHER FIRE.

The foundry building at the car works was discovered to be on fire about two oclock last Tuesday afternoon. An alarm was sounded and the fire companies were promptly on the ground, but it was found impossible to save the building. There were two other large shops in close proximity which were in danger as there was quite a wind the flames were blown towards them, but through the diligent efforts of the fire boys the fire did not spread.

The loss is estimated at ten thousand dollars on which there is an insurance of about five thousand. S. M. Buck had a large lot af valuable patterns in the foundry which were entirely destroyed. The fire caught from a spark that fell on the roof from one of the adjoining buildings occupied by Curtin and Fox as a saw mill. There was considerable lumber piled up about the yard but no damage was done to it. If we had not had a steam fire engine no effort that could have been made would have prevented the entire destruction of all the car shop buildings.

—Go to F. P. Green's drug store, High Street, Bellefonte, for a nice cool drink. Nothing like it.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE